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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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CIA Stooges — *The Editors*

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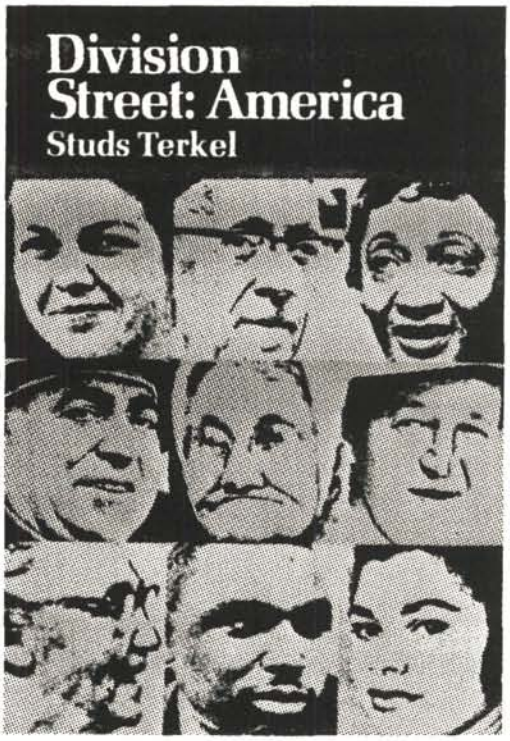

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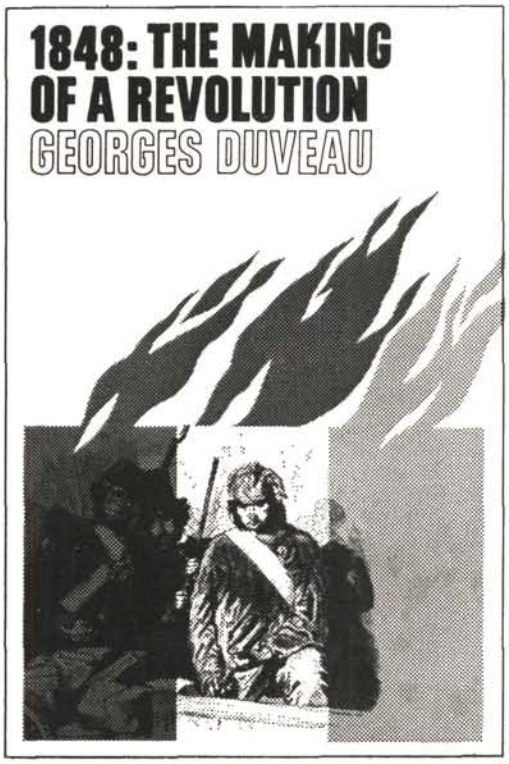

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The Multiples	Total Accumulation
–	$ 1,000
1st	2,000
2nd	4,000
3rd	8,000
4th	16,000
5th	32,000
6th	64,000
7th	128,000
8th	256,000
9th	512,000
10th	1,024,000

Avoiding "savings losses"

The chances are excellent that, as of now, you are one of the millions of people who will never become wealthy because you are experiencing one or more "savings losses" (a needless depletion of savings caused by a lack of understanding of saving and investment procedures). These are the kind of "poor traps" sophisticated investors *never* fall into. Carl Person, an attorney, college lecturer in business law, and successful practitioner of his own investment methods, exposes each one and explains how to avoid it. In THE SAVE-BY-BORROWING TECHNIQUE you'll discover for example:

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- how you can stop saving money when you reach the 5th Multiple ($32,000) and still reach the 10th Multiple without any significant delay;
- how to guard against abuses in mutual funds (start with Mr. Person's name-and-address list of 47 funds that charge no sales commission at all);
- why your first few Multiples come quite quickly;
- how to minimize your outlay for life insurance without forfeiting any protection – and what to do if you are already committed to an undesirable insurance program;
- why a difference of 9% in your return (including capital appreciation) can mean $1,000,000 in your pocket – and how a portion of *that very 9%* is often accounted for by commissions, fees and premiums that look so unimportant on a yearly basis;
- the simple fallacy that makes the "low-interest" 2.88% passbook loan an *expensive* way to borrow;
- the secret of "anticipatory-reinvestment" – a foolproof way to make those "insignificant" dividend checks add up to *thousands* of *extra* dollars;
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What the Technique is NOT

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If you're a beginning investor, THE SAVE-BY-BORROWING TECHNIQUE offers you an invaluable financial background explained in down-to-earth terms, and will give you the sophistication to avoid mistakes that would cost you thousands and thousands of dollars. And if you are an experienced investor, and can start immediately at the third or fourth Multiple ($8,000 or $16,000), you may be able to accelerate the rate of your personal investment growth far faster than you ever before thought possible.

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Arms Trafficker

★ Henry J. Kuss, 44, runs ILN (International Logistics Negotiations) and you don't know what *that* means. It is a $2-billion-a-year business. He is everything a super-salesman should be, with an aggressive 21-man sales force. He is working for you and me, and is the chief arms trafficker in the world.

In fiscal year 1961 we sold only $600 million in arms abroad but in fiscal year 1966 we sold $1.93 billion. It is going, you might say, great guns. Kuss sees even better times ahead.

Last year, speaking for the Pentagon, he chided laggard domestic arms manufacturers for hanging back from "the international arms markets"; their tendency "to refrain," he said, was "a serious one." Didn't they know, he asked, that the strength of the dollar is "dependent on our ability to resolve balance of payments problems"? He is at present organizing symposia around the country to push "nonbigs" into the military export market.

Secretary McNamara backs him up. The US is out, he says, to "promote the defensive strength of our allies." The Pentagon acts as broker. Of course the huge sales help our balance of payments, too. The whole thing is nicely policed, McNamara says. There is, for example, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency under William C. Foster. This is an idealistic government group seeking world peace. It has a high-toned advisory committee including John Cowles, George Meany and Ralph McGill.

President Johnson has said earnest, heartfelt things, too; last year he warned the nation not to "forget that resources are being devoted to nonnuclear arms races all around the world." Such resources, he noted eloquently, "might be better spent on feeding the hungry, healing the sick, teaching the uneducated." He warned small countries not to buy "costly weapons" for "illusory prestige."

And who sells these weapons? Why, we do, to be sure! In the history of the world nothing has equaled it. Prime Minister Wilson last year noted "the high-pressure salesmanship of the Americans." The US insists that West Germany buy three-quarters of a billion in arms annually to offset the cost of US troops. Fair enough perhaps, up to a point but German irritation is growing; they lack the ability to absorb the amounts we want to sell. Some of the surplus probably leaks over into other smaller countries.

Arms-man Kuss is proud of his team, proud of his product: "No other nation can touch us in overall technological know-how, quality, price, delivery time, follow-up logistical support and credit terms," he boasts. It is true, too. To spur this extraordinary trade, which in the bad old days was attributed to bloodthirsty arms manufacturers called "Merchants of Death," the Pentagon has set up a revolving account of over $300 million, for easy credit to clients.

"Made in USA"

★ A coolly written little 13-page summary called "Arms Sales and Foreign Policy" is now issued as a staff study by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Some senators question the traffic. Eugene McCarthy (D, Minn.) is one. The staff report reviews what we are doing. The Shah of Iran, for example, warns that if we won't sell he will go to the Russians; so we sell, and he goes to the Russians anyway. The upkeep of the supersonic F-4's we allow him would support a university.

Theoretically we try to restrict arms in developing countries – Latin America say; but they seep out. For example, our maker of F-86's licenses manufacture in Italy, which recently sold to West Germany, which sold them to Venezuela. The US equipped India and Pakistan with arms to meet Red China and lo, they killed each other with weapons stamped "Made in USA."

The staff report crisply describes how we push out the stuff, how the "accelerating" trade has taken on life of its own; how the State Department doesn't know what the Pentagon is doing and vice versa; how the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency "does not sit at the high table when decisions on the sale of arms are made." Accurate statistics are not kept; Congress has just lost control of the matter, too. Whose hand is the blood on in these jolly little wars?

Aladdin's Lamp

★ As this is written the big oil companies are debating whether to roll back a price increase which the White House calls unnecessary and inflationary. The oil companies in 1926, you remember, got a depletion tax allowance now equaling 27.5 percent. It was intended to stimulate exploration and made some sort of sense, at least till the original investment was 100 percent depleted. But this wonderful cornucopia keeps right on paying long after every cent of investment has been extinguished.

That is why two or three of the ten biggest companies in the US are oil companies. They have a built-in Aladdin's Lamp. For five years, 1960-64, the petroleum industry earned an annual rate of return on net worth of 10.9 percent compared to only 9.4 percent for all industry. Still, they want to charge more for gas.

Now there is a new gimmick, the oil companies are diversifying. Gulf is in Holiday Inns; Esso in fertilizer; Phillips in plastics; Cities Services in various fields. From their subsidized base they can knock off the screaming small independents.

It's also nice to think, as you prepare your income tax this spring, that some oil companies hardly trouble with it, what with their famous 27.5 percent escape clause and other credits. Standard of NJ with net income in 1964 of $1,628,555,000 paid only 1.7 percent to the government; Texaco with $660,-761,000 paid .8 percent; Gulf Oil, 8 percent on $607,343,000; Standard of California, 2.1 percent on income of $393,188,000, and so on. Marathon, Atlantic, Richfield, Sinclair and Sunray with incomes totaling over $300 million paid NO federal income tax.

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CONTENTS

COMMENT 5-9
CIA Stooges, Mini-Truce in Vietnam, For the Young, ITT and ABC Merger

Law and Prudence in the Powell Case – *Alexander M. Bickel* 9
Unionizing the Academics – *James Brann* 10
The Two Italys – *Philip Ben* 11
China – *John K. Fairbank* 13
– *Minoru Omori* 14
The Red Guard Invasion – *Leo Muray* 15
Missiles and Anti-Missiles – *by Daniele Zele* 16
The Future-Planners – *Andrew Kopkind* 19

More from Germany – *by Stanley Kauffmann* 24

BOOKS – *Reviews by Gerald W. Johnson, Alex Campbell, Grattan Freyer, Richard M. Elman, Martin Lowenkopf* 25

POEM *by Freda Downie* 27

MOVIES *by Pauline Kael* 35

MUSIC *by Robert Evett* 38

CORRESPONDENCE 39

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CIA Stooges

The Central Intelligence Agency won't voluntarily mend its ways, even though its congressional watchdogs now include Senators Fulbright, Mansfield and Hickenlooper. But its past meddling and blunders continue to catch up with it, and the latest revelation about them calls for a congressional crackdown. This year marks the CIA's twentieth birthday, but any celebrating is rendered out of order by the admission by Eugene Groves, president of the National Student Association, that for about 15 years the association, which also is 20 this year, has been taking secret subsidies from the CIA totaling millions of dollars. The covert financing was handled by private foundations that acted as the CIA's go-betweens. Groves, a 1965 Rhodes scholar, says that "in the past two years" the student leaders "came to believe" that the relationship was "inconsistent with the democratic, open nature of the NSA." However, they were still taking the money last year, when they got the not unhandsome sum of $50,000. Until recently the NSA leaders in the know apparently were quite happy with their furtive relationship with the big spy outfit, but "conditions have changed," Groves says. Would it be uncharitable to suggest the change of heart was because the money was tapering off anyway and people like Fulbright – and *Ramparts* magazine – were getting too close to the facts for NSA's comfort?

Groves says that "at no time" did the student organization "serve any intelligence function" or provide "information of a sensitive nature" to any government agency. Others say it did, and a NSA president who knew about the link between his association and the CIA and didn't let on has a formidable credibility problem. What is an "intelligence function" and what information is or isn't "sensitive"? Some people now say that for years the NSA has kept detailed files filled with intimate information about American students who go abroad as well as about foreign students into whose confidence NSA leaders, "acting internationally," in the NSA's own phrase, managed to worm themselves. All this information was sedulously collected on the pretext of studying student politics around the world, but it now seems that most of it or all of it was furnished to the CIA, for money received. Much of it no doubt was trivial. Some of the snoopers apparently followed the fashionable interrogative line of probing as far as possible into personal habits, especially sex ones, of their unsuspecting victims. In doing so, presumably they were faithfully carrying out instructions. The subjects' ideological affilia-

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tions of course were not neglected. It may be surmised that the CIA now has or thinks it has (amateur spies are notoriously unreliable, even when they forfeit their amateur status for pay) the dirt on past and present student leaders, in this country and in countries abroad, who have been fingered for it by its NSA informants.

Some NSA members not in the plot were beginning to get suspicious of the same old faces, by now practically middle-aged, that showed up at international student conferences year after year, were in regular attendance at Brussels and Leyden and were constantly making trips to Africa and Latin America. Now that Mr. Groves has spilled the beans, suspicion has turned to certainty as far as NSA itself is concerned, and extends to such connected organizations as the US Youth Council, the World Assembly of Youth, the International Student Conference, numerous fraternal and labor organizations, and the foundations with which they have had financial relations.

Once their cover was blown, NSA leaders at anguished meetings in their Washington headquarters (bought and paid for by the CIA) joined the CIA and the State Department in attempted explanations. The favorite apologia is that in the early nineteen-fifties communist countries were very busy financing and controlling student "front" organizations. It was felt that fire had to be fought with fire, and that when competing with communists this country could not safely rely on independent individuals but had to stoop to subsidized spokesmen, though in the case of NSA some students praiseworthily did speak out freely.

But this can be only part of the story. Why a *secret* subsidy? Because, it's said, people wouldn't listen to American students if they knew they took money from the government. This excuse won't wash; NSA gets money openly from many government sources, including the State Department. The United States Information Agency recently offered the same foolish defense of its practice of secretly subsidizing selected books that are foisted on an unsuspecting public, both here and abroad, as free and independent productions. Reed Harris, a USIA director, told the House Appropriations Committee, "we control things from the very idea down to the final edited manuscript." USIA Assistant Director Ben Posner confessed to the committee that "we have not in the past divulged the government's connection with" those books. Asked why, he replied: "It minimizes their value." The governments of other countries, including the Soviet Union, subsidize books for distribution abroad but don't bother to pretend they aren't.

Less than a year ago, the CIA was found to have infiltrated a Michigan State University project in South Vietnam; then it was discovered that George A. Carver Jr., who cozened the highly respected political quarterly *Foreign Affairs* into printing an article on the Viet Cong, was in fact a full-time employee of CIA. That affiliation was concealed.

The revelations about NSA, taken in conjunction with other recent happenings, are bound to create a backlash in the rest of the world that will hurt this country. The puritan found rolling dead drunk in the ditch rarely gets much sympathy from those to whom he has been delivering high-minded homilies. A lot of people are going to conclude that bought students are part of a bigger picture that includes corporations which bug one another's board rooms for industrial secrets, and congressmen who are up for sale. This backlash we must live with as best we can, but immediate and thoroughgoing scrutiny of CIA is mandatory if the country isn't to have a serious problem at home, with an outraged student body. American college youths are already deep in cynicism about their society. Now these students must reflect that the same kind of people who have been denouncing radical activities on the Berkeley campus, and demanding loyalty oaths, were busy in the back room calling signals for the biggest organization of college students, almost from its inception. The 1965-66 NSA president admits he was rebuked by CIA for suggesting a Moscow meeting with a Soviet student organization.

"What the country needs most of the university," the former president of Chicago once said, "and what only the university can supply, is intellectual leadership. The university could fashion the mind of the age. Now it is the other way around, the demands of the age are fashioning the mind, if one may use the expression, of the university." Disillusioned students will need some convincing that they are getting an education in order to serve Dr. Hutchins' expressed goal, instead of being the stooges or dupes of the government and the Central Intelligence Agency. They will never be convinced if, in addition to knowing that more than half the income of the universities now comes in the form of federal grants for "research," they have reason to believe that their own student leaders are recruits of the CIA.

The only way to tackle this particular credibility gap is for Congress to intervene. Left to itself, and notwithstanding the integrity of Undersecretary of State Katzenbach, the Executive branch will cover up, not clean up the mess. Congress should take a sharp look at the law which permits tax-exempt foundations to receive funds without publicly disclosing their source. More important it is up to Congress to cut the CIA back to its original size and confine it strictly to its duties as they were first defined in the 1947 National Security Act – to "correlate and evaluate" security information. Thus realigned, the CIA wouldn't have quite so many millions of dollars to bribe the students or any other Americans.

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Mini-Truce in Vietnam

The aim if not the end of most comment on public affairs is some rational explanation of events, however irrational they seem. But when events themselves confound logic or our ways of thinking about them, what then? What coherent account can be given of a month in which a sizable number of United States senators solemnly warn that admitting another handful of Soviet consular officials threatens the security of the Republic – and at the same time the communist premier of the Soviet Union calls the communist head of China a dictator, the president of the USSR has a cordial 45 minutes with the anti-communist Pope, and Tito makes a state visit to Austria, having not been there since his days as a subversive communist agent?

Or take the recent mini-truce in Vietnam. Almost before it began, newsmen were being dosed with Administration claims that the North Vietnamese were not living up to their part of the bargain; they were building up supplies in the North and moving them toward the demilitarized zone – which has not been demilitarized for some time. When a State Department spokesman was asked how the supply buildup in the North differed from the continuing supply missions of allied forces in the South, the answer was "The difference is a difference of intent. . . . The military resupply activity being carried on by the North Vietnamese is clear evidence of their intent to continue their *aggressive action against a sovereign nation* – an aggression which the US is helping combat." So it is all in the eye of the beholder. The department's statement needs to be placed alongside that of a spokesman for the ministry of foreign affairs of North Vietnam, who several weeks earlier told a representative of the French government in Hanoi: "The Republic of North Vietnam considers it is daily being attacked by the US and that *this aggression must stop*. It is out of the question for the aggressor to pose any condition whatsoever on the cessation of the bombing. . . . However, after the unconditional cessation from bombing we would not oppose conversations with the US on questions of interest to our two countries."

That the mini-truce was put to good military use by our forces is not denied. Why should it be? That is the beauty of justifying a policy by superior intentions. A *New Republic* correspondent in Saigon reported a "strong consensus among journalists" that US authorities in Vietnam were "intent on forcing Washington's hand against any kind of meaningful peace talks by playing up incidents and making them appear important out of all proportion." He cabled that he and three other journalists had traveled during the first day of the truce for 200 miles "in what is normally a guerrilla-infested area which was literally crawling with American supply truck convoys also taking advantage of the truce to bring in ammunition, equipment and reinforcements." Near Chuchi, he said, they came upon a clearing operation with American and Vietnamese troops and American tanks in which at least 50 men, women and some kids were held for interrogation." He wondered whether local US military authorities in South Vietnam have not begun to feel that they "know much better what's good for the country than the home government and are feeding it what will further their own interpretation of the situation."

Aerial attacks on the North were resumed – within a half-hour after the secretary general of the United Nations had publicly predicted, on what his aides called firm information, that cessation of the bombing would lead to peace talks "within a few weeks."

For the Young

Time and President Johnson, impressed to learn that nearly half the population is now under 26, sought and found a commemorative rite. *Time* made the younger half of the country its Man of the Year. Mr. Johnson packaged disparate government programs for

"Shine, Joe?"

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children and youth into a Special Message to Congress. It is a mixture of old and new and for the most part token programs to meet the educational, medical and recreational needs of children from poor homes. He said frankly he could promise only "beginnings."

The President would bring more three-year-olds into Head Start and extend the preschool program to the first two grades. He would increase social security benefits to children of deceased, disabled and retired parents; construct "halfway houses" and improve the operations of juvenile courts; provide more medical care, train more pediatricians, encourage new careers in medical assistance and push the states into raising their welfare payments. And he'd give Hubert Humphrey the job of leading children from the slums out into the open for summer vacations. The plan to Follow Through from Head Start in elementary schools answers the criticism that an 8-week summer preschool program has little value unless special attention continues as the child enters a slum school, that indeed a child might be worse off for the Head Start experience if a door that has opened is then slammed in his face.

There are some five-and-a-half million children under six who "live in families too poor to feed and house them adequately." These are the children for whom an extended Head Start program is designed. Of approximately one million three-year-olds from poor families, 15,000 would benefit from Head Start under Mr. Johnson's plan – excluding 985,000 others. This year Head Start anticipates taking in about 550,000 4-and-5-year-old preschoolers. The Follow Through program would next year take only about one-third of them. Finally, some of the $135 million Mr. Johnson seeks for Follow Through will come out of Head Start, leaving it poorer by $15 million.

With the country budgeted to expend $22 billion on the war in Vietnam next year, the President asks for an additional $650 million to rid the nation of its "bitter inheritance" of ignorance and ill health. Of this $650 million, most ($350 million) would go to increasing social security payments by an average of 15 percent, or $8 a month.

ITT and ABC Merger

The marriage of International Telephone and Telegraph and the American Broadcasting Company has been delayed but not called off. The one real hope of stopping it lies with Donald Turner, former Stanford Law School professor who now heads the Justice Department's antitrust division. Turner is threatening to take the Federal Communications Commission to court if it refuses to reopen the case. By a 4-3 vote and after a perfunctory hearing, the FCC had approved the merger. It was widely expected the commission would bless the takeover of one of the major networks by a company heavily involved in defense and space work at home and enmeshed in politics abroad. Originally the FCC was reluctant to hold hearings at all. It would have sanctioned the merger, the largest in the communications industry's history, without any inquiry. In deference to critics, however, two days of almost meaningless testimony was taken. The Justice Department then warned the commission of serious antitrust implications. The commission received Mr. Turner's warning one evening at six; it announced its decision the next morning at 10. Mr. Turner thereupon demanded that the whole question be reexamined, to which the commission must soon respond.

The hazards of permitting this merger are hard to pinpoint, because so little is known about the connections between the communications business and other industries and foreign countries. Neither the Congress nor the FCC has ever laid out clearly the dimensions of the problem. As a result, regulation is largely by guess and by gosh. Dissenting to the FCC decision, Commissioner Nicholas Johnson set forth some of ITT's international relationships which could influence the treatment of news by a broadcasting subsidiary.

Three ITT officials are members of foreign legislative bodies, two in the British House of Lords, one in the French National Assembly. Another is a former premier of Belgium.

Three directors of ITT's Chilean telephone subsidiary are appointed by the Chilean government. "ITT is bound by contract, once approved by the Chilean congress," Commissioner Johnson points out, "to sell 49 percent of the stock in the telephone subsidiary to the government and other Chilean interests. In fact, the government of Chile retains an option to acquire the entire company if it so desires. . . . ITT owns 13 percent of the shares of Indian Telephone Industries Ltd., of which the Indian government owns more than 75 percent. ITT is bound by a 1964 contract with the Indian government not to transfer any of its Indian telephone stock to 'a resident of India' or 'a resident' of any country not then politically acceptable to the government of India. ITT owns 20 percent of a French telecommunications research company of which the French government is the majority stockholder, and 5.5 percent of a Swedish company in which the Swedish government is a 50 percent stockholder. Such examples merely illustrate . . . ITT's close involvement with the governments of foreign countries."

The ITT is also entangled in US foreign policy. Johnson says, "Of ITT's total net assets 5.8 percent consists of 'US dollar AID guaranteed financing for Chilean utilities'. To say the least, ITT has a very great stake in maintaining this guarantee by the Agency for

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International Development and in encouraging other such guarantees. . . . Chile, Peru, Brazil or India might someday wish to nationalize the telephone companies which ITT now owns in whole or in part. It has happened to ITT in the past and could easily happen again. ABC news and public affairs personnel would have to comment on the nationalization and might wish to editorialize or treat the affair at length. . . . The potential for conflict with ITT's economic interests are obvious."

As for domestic policies, Commissioner Johnson notes that, "ABC might want to criticize the high levels of defense spending, or the large sums being expended in the space effort. Because of ITT's interest in both defense and space work, both positions would jeopardize ITT's economic interests. ABC might editorially favor truth-in-lending legislation, while ITT-financed subsidiaries would presumably be opposed. In these and countless other ways ITT as the owner of ABC constantly will be faced with the conflict between profit-maximizing goals which characterize all business corporations and the duty to serve the public with free and unprejudiced news and public affairs programming."

Law and Prudence In the Powell Case

"Each House," says the Constitution, "shall be the Judge of the Elections, Returns and Qualifications of its own Members." Adam Clayton Powell's election and return as a member of the House of Representatives are unquestionably in good order, and the legal issue concerning the power of the House to deny him his seat turns on the meaning of the word "Qualifications." Powell argues that the word refers back to the statement in the same article of the Constitution that a representative must be 21 years of age, an inhabitant of the state from which he was elected, and been for at least seven years a citizen of the United States. These and no other are the qualifications, says Powell, of which the House may be the judge. Hence in his appearance before the Celler Select Committee, he refused to answer questions about his legal troubles in New York, or about his past conduct as a representative and a committee chairman.

Should Powell's legal argument be accepted, his seat is almost certainly safe. He qualifies as an inhabitant of New York in a Pickwickian sense only, but then in these days of a full-time Congress, many conscientious representatives and senators who are not wealthy are in every real sense inhabitants of Washington, D.C. rather than of the states from which they are elected. One votes and pays taxes in the home state, and shows up often enough to satisfy one's constituents, and for the rest the requirement that one be an inhabitant is fictive. It is true also that, having seated Powell, the House would retain power under the Constitution to expel him by a two-thirds vote. But the precedents in the House are clear that this power to expel is not to be exercised on the basis of acts that occurred *prior* to an election. Conceivably Powell could be said to have started out on a fresh career as a fugitive from justice (the criminal contempt conviction outstanding against him in New York) after his recent election, but just about every relevant act in this affair occurred *before* the election. And his behavior as a committee chairman certainly did.

It seems fairly plain, therefore, that if Powell is to be denied his seat, he will have to be excluded rather than expelled, and that, consequently, everything hangs, to begin with, on his legal argument. This argument is a strong one. It finds some support in the history of the framing of the Constitution, and in House precedents. The Reconstruction period to the side, the House seems to have acted on the assumption that it could look beyond the constitutionally defined qualifications of age, citizenship and residence when, in 1899, it excluded a Mormon who had been convicted of polygamy. In 1919, in the first of two actions (from which it eventually relented) it excluded Victor Berger of Wisconsin, a socialist who had been found guilty of sedition under the World War I Espionage Act. Although there is some question whether the Supreme Court would take jurisdiction to review the action of the House in an exclusion case, it is unlikely that either of these two precedents could stand up against the Court's recent decision in favor of Julian Bond, which places First Amendment limits on the power of a legislature (that of Georgia in Bond's case, but any other as well) to exclude a Member-elect.

The First Amendment, however, of which he has availed himself, is not involved in the Powell case. And a good argument can be made that, within limits not reached in the circumstances of Powell's case, the House can be the judge of qualifications other than the minimal ones stated in the Constitution. For instance, the Constitution also says, separately from its definition of the qualifications for House membership, that "no Person holding Office under the United States, shall be a Member of either House during his Continuance in Office." In another case, might not the House exclude to enforce this prohibition? If so, it is taking account more than the statement of qualifications for membership. And suppose a man is insane, or is, in the judgment of the House made after proper hearing, a paid agent of a foreign government? Or suppose a man is a fugitive from justice? A member of

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the House represents his district, of course, and his moral character as well as his views are generally the business of his constituents and of no one else. But a Member of the House also wields a fraction of the national legislative power, which affects more than just his constituents. Within limits, therefore, it is quite arguable that someone other than his constituents should be the judge of his fitness to wield power over the whole nation, and that someone is, under the Constitution, the House.

Even if the legal issue is resolved against Powell, however, the wisdom of excluding him remains questionable. He is no longer in a position to abuse the power of a committee chairman, although one wishes the House had undertaken to look as well at abuses other than Powell's, however extraordinarily spectacular and brazen his might have been. So long as the House makes no general effort to put its house in order, and Southern and conservative Members vote as a phalanx against Powell, the impression cannot be eradicated among large numbers of Negroes that he is the victim of racial persecution. In this season of the backlash and of the pause in legislative activity on civil rights, would the House not be wise to avoid even the remotest appearance of racism?

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

Unionizing the Academics

San Jose, California

"We're going to give Ronald Reagan an award for being our most effective organizer," promises Bud Hutchinson, a former assistant professor of economics who is in charge of northern California operations for the American Federation of Teachers' (AFL-CIO) College Council. Hutchinson has been working for two years to organize the 9,500 faculty members in California's 18 state colleges – the largest system of higher education in America. Union membership has grown from 350 in early 1965 to more than 1,300 today (300 faculty members have signed up since the election of Governor Reagan). The AFT has locals on 11 of the campuses and plans to establish two more in March.

State college professors in academic robes led a union-sponsored march – in buses – on the state capitol this month to protest the governor's proposed cuts in higher education budgets. Union leaders are working to organize a strike in April at one or both of the colleges where the AFT is strongest, San Jose and San Francisco. The walkout would center on the issue of collective bargaining. Since a California law provides for dismissal of state employees absent from their jobs without permission more than five days, the strikers may rotate picket line duty, providing one day in the classroom for every four striking days. AFT leaders believe that Reagan's proposals for cutbacks have insured faculty support for a strike far broader than present union membership.

If the Reagan budget is approved by the legislature (still Democratic, barely), universities and state colleges will have less money but more students next year than now. The governor proposes to give the 18 state colleges $154 million in state funds instead of $213 million requested by their trustees. An added $18 million in tuition charges, which the governor wishes to impose, would provide an operating budget of $172 million, or $3 million less than it costs to run the colleges this year. State College Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke has placed a temporary freeze on the 12,615 new admissions planned for fall, and slowed hiring of the 1,200 faculty members the system adds each year. "Resignations of our best people are coming in like flies," says Los Angeles State College president Dr. John A. Greenlee. "The work of the last 20 years is going to pot."

Professors have long been leery of unions, considering them an industrial mechanism unsuited to the scholarly community. Only 6,000 of the AFT's nationwide membership of 126,000 teach at the college level. No four-year college today has a collective bargaining agreement with a professors' union. However, a contract is under negotiation at the US Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, Long Island, and a dozen two-year institutions have accepted collective bargaining, including Chicago's eight public junior colleges, the scene of two AFT walkouts this winter. The new Chicago contract provides a reduction in teaching loads and class sizes, and a raise in pay. The 11 colleges of the City University of New York are another AFT battleground. Here the union is trying to shoulder aside the Legislative Conference, a teachers' organization established in the forties. The union has been pressuring the New York Board of Higher Education since mid-1965 to bargain with a 250-member group of lab assistants and technicians. A collective bargaining victory for this group could open the way to a contract for the rest of the faculty, according to officials of the United Federation of College Teachers (AFT's New York affiliate). The city Board of Higher Education notified the union early this month that it is establishing a committee on collective bargaining.

The academic labor movement received a boost when the Berkeley academic senate voted – in the heat follow-

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ing the firing of Chancellor Clark Kerr – to investigate the possibility of forming a professors' union. "I was a member of the faculty here during the years of the loyalty oath controversy," said biologist Roger S. Stanier in proposing the motion. "We learned then that the [academic] senate is an ineffectual body for negotiating with the governing board when there is a fundamental disagreement."

Last August, the California state college board of trustees held an all-day meeting on collective bargaining at which representatives of five faculty organizations gave their views. Most opposed unionization, but all agreed that state college professors should be paid better than the current $10,000 to $11,000 average. The trustees, who determine policy for all 18 colleges, take the position that they are not empowered to make firm commitments on future salaries, since the final decision on fiscal matters rests with the state legislature; and that therefore a professors' union is not feasible. The union replies that the politicians would welcome having decisions made on the touchy and complex matter of salaries *before* the state college budget is passed on to them.

The largest state colleges are universities in everything but name and the authority to confer PhD degrees. San Francisco State College, with 18,000 students, offers 67 types of bachelors' degrees and 40 different masters' degrees. The 18 colleges have 172,000 students, compared with 87,000 in California's nine universities – but these figures are not reflected in budgets. A recent report of the state colleges' academic senate charged that the universities receive about 58 percent of state funds for four-year schools to educate 38 percent of the students. State college salaries are lower, teaching loads higher, and libraries and other facilities poorer than in the nine universities.

Since the authority of the National Labor Relations Board does not extend to overseeing the organizing of public college faculties, the American Federation of Teachers cannot gather names, then ask the feds to come in and conduct an election as if they were organizing garment workers. Moreover, the results of a collective bargaining election by professors are not binding on a college administration or the state board of trustees as they are on the owner of a dress factory. Nevertheless, the mock election remains a favorite weapon of the AFT, though it sometimes backfires. The concept of collective bargaining was approved in a 313-to-139 vote by San Francisco State College faculty members last October; yet in a follow-up election to select a bargaining agent, the AFT lost by a 351-to-289 vote to the Association of California State College Professors (ACSCP). Threatened by the growing membership of the AFT, the ACSCP had embraced the idea of collective bargaining last summer.

JAMES BRANN

TUG-OF-WAR BETWEEN THE BUREAUCRATS AND TECHNOCRATS

The Two Italys

Rome

The Socialist Party, whose reunification after 20 years was celebrated only last autumn, has been in the headlines here. The party is again in danger of collapse; it is divided into at least five factions whose views range from unconditional support of the left-center coalition to a categorical rejection of it. Important as these divisions are, however, they are little as compared with splits within the Christian Democratic Party which has been governing the country for over two decades. Political commentators can distinguish seven major factions and about 22 subfactions – again ranging from unconditional support for collaboration with the left, through tough anti-communism, to sympathy for the neo-fascists and the monarchists (though the latter represent a dying generation). And this description of Italian politics would be incomplete without adding that the main opposition force – the Italian Communist Party (which no longer boasts of being "the largest Communist Party in Europe except the Soviet Union") – is also split. It has its pro-Chinese elements, of course, but there are others who, though not pro-Chinese, still criticize not only what happened in Russia under Stalin, but also many things that have happened since in the Soviet Union and the countries of eastern Europe.

All these tensions and divisions mean that there is perennial political instability and the permanent danger of a crisis inside the government coalition and its fall. But also, paradoxically, these divisions make the left-center formula practically the only one possible and guarantee the continued exclusion of the communists, who may in the elections next year win a few more

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seats but have no real hope of achieving a majority.

The answer to the question who really rules Italy today is: secret caucuses between factions within the differing parties whose leaders are often unknown, may never have been elected to their positions and who have made a career in the shadow of the party bureaucracy. This fact has important consequences for the social and economic structure of the country and the moral climate in which it is governed. The various parties of the governing coalition, and of the opposition, the various factions inside each of them, the influential but obscure figures within these factions, all of them need supporters, clients who are obliged to them. These clients come to Rome as did their forefathers in the days of the Caesars, or the Rome of the Popes or of the Kings or of Mussolini. They come to get government appointments. It does not matter much that the appointment carries a salary far below the needs of the most spartan individual; once a job is found, almost anybody can be relied upon "to help himself" and to earn a relatively good living. This is why Italy has a huge state bureaucracy that is inefficient – and corrupt.

In addition to this inefficient, inflated and corrupt *pays legal*, however, Italy has its *pays reel* – the ultra-modern industries not only in the north, but also in the until recently neglected *Mezzo-Giorno* (the south) and even Sicily. There are the highly skilled workers, the foremen, engineers and especially the technocrats, many of whom represent the best brains of modern capitalism and are often more knowing of world conditions than tycoons in Detroit or New York.

Here is the fundamental conflict. Italy's bureaucratic machine is especially anachronistic, while its industry is especially modern and ambitious. The edge of this controversy has to some extent become dulled because the technocrats who rule over Italian industry have succeeded in bringing into government a few of their good friends – the minister of finance, Luigi Presti; the minister of trade and industry, Giusto Tolloy; and the governor of the bank of Italy, Guido Carli. From every side in Rome, one hears that these are the three men, of whom only the first has some reputation abroad, who are the most important figures in contemporary Italy.

Because the technocrats despise the bureaucrats, who by their intervention block everything and whose acquiescence has to be bought at a high price, the technocrats are enthusiastic about the Common Market. They hope it will free them from dependence on Rome. And their friends in the government are helping them realize that hope. This explains why Italy is the most faithful member of the European Economic Community and why she is hostile to any intent to weaken it. It is also to a great extent the reason why, until recently, so many Italian politicians and technocrats were anti-de Gaulle. (Another reason was Italian distaste for France's pretense of "grandeur"; if France, why not Italy; there are some Italians still nostalgic for the era when their country was thought of as a great power, though they recognize that it brought her nothing but misery.)

It is fear of French domination of western Europe, or rather fear of joint Franco-German domination, made more vivid by the recent successful visit of Bonn's new leaders to Paris, which encourages Italy to give such strong support to Britain's endeavors to join the Common Market, though they are not so unrealistic as to think British membership will happen soon. During the recent visit to Rome of Prime Minister Wilson, it was quite apparent that the Italians are willing to pay only lip service to the idea of Britain's admission. In private, they say that it will not come about before many years, perhaps even "half a generation." This realism is reflected also in tempered attitudes toward Gaullist France. Despite all the deep-rooted suspicions of this authoritarian French general, the politicians in Rome and the technocrats in Milan are beginning to realize that their country has no choice but to live in a western Europe where French influence is bound to be powerful; and that the new leaders in Bonn have seen this, seems to have exercised a strong influence on the Italians. If the socialist deputy premier, Pietro Nenni, remains a rabid anti-Gaullist, the ambitious foreign minister, Amintore Fanfani, has moved toward a more pro-French position. The meeting of the heads of governments or of states of the six members of the Common Market which will take place in Rome this spring (with the participation of de Gaulle) may accomplish several things: it may mark a Franco-Italian reconciliation, boost Fanfani's prestige, and give the Italians the happy feeling that their country counts.

The same realism informs Italy's relations toward the two superpowers, the US and the USSR. Once one of the most pro-American countries in the world, Italy has drawn her own conclusions from the spectacular decline of American influence and prestige in Europe. Washington's wishes count for little today in Rome. Italy's efforts to play some role on the international scene, efforts closely connected with the personal ambitions of Fanfani, and which produced such unsuccessful initiatives as the peace feelers on Vietnam in 1965 and a move in the United Nations last year to help solve the problem of Chinese representation, seem now to have come to an end. The Italians have learned that in present circumstances, such initiatives are likely to prove disappointing to their author. This is welcome news to the Administration in Washington, for whom Italian initiatives were simply embarrassing.

PHILIP BEN

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CHINA

Is History Repeating Itself?

When news from China is totally unforeseen and utterly confusing, your experienced Chi-spert ("China expert"), nothing daunted, falls back on history. The historian's type of after-the-fact explanation is both less courageous and less foolhardy than forecasting what will happen next. Today it offers several perspectives on Chairman Mao, all melancholy, which undoubtedly contribute to the current Chinese popular reaction to him.

The First-Emperor Stereotype. Several dynastic founders imposed order on China after prolonged disunity, exacted enormous exertions and sacrifices from the people, but wound up overreaching themselves, victims of megalomania if not paranoia. Most famous was the First Emperor (Shih-huang-ti) of the Ch'in who unified the Warring States in 221 B.C., burned the books, buried the scholars, built up the Great Wall, and died seeking the elixir of immortality. Yang-ti of the brief, reunifying Sui dynasty who died in 618 A.D., revived the government examination system but also built a new capital, rebuilt the Wall, and dug the early Grand Canal, all by forced labor with enormous loss of life. The founder of the Ming dynasty, Chu Yuan-chang (reigned 1368-1398), after throwing out the Mongols and reasserting China's imperial grandeur, became hypersuspicious and developed a court ceremony in which some of his high ministers would be publicly bastinadoed.

While such cases "prove" nothing scientifically, they are part of the old peasant folklore applicable to the One Man of today. Likewise the abrupt rise to power of the fourth Mrs. Mao (Chiang Ching) must evoke the old adage that concubines gain influence as a dynasty reaches its end. Historical folklore, in short, suggests that Mao's current excesses fit the pattern of the powerful unifier who remakes heaven and earth but cannot stop trying to do so.

The Attack on the Ruling Class. Another perspective, more sympathetic to Mao, is that of the peasant rebel who rises to smash the oppressive establishment. In attacking "revisionist" and "bourgeois" tendencies, Mao seems to be trying to exorcise the ghost of the old ruling-class tradition. This seems an impossible task, to wipe out bureaucracy in the civilization that invented it, but Mao has a vision of a classless future. Evidently he has actually bought Maoism.

To really hate the old ruling class we would have to live under it in its days of decay. Consider the persistent effort and clever practices by which Chinese gentry families maintained their upper-class position. First they produced more sons than peasant families by the simple device of arranging their children's marriages earlier and using their resources to bring in secondary wives (concubines) to help produce the next generation. When talent emerged from this larger crop of sons, it was put to work on the classical texts to create scholars who could enter on official careers through the government examinations. While one scholar-brother as an official could protect the family's holdings against the rapacity of other officials, his merchant-brother could invest the family funds and a farmer-brother could manage the estate. If brothers lost out in trade or official life in the city, they could retreat to the family's landed estate in the village; or contrarily, if disorder overwhelmed the countryside, the whole family could take refuge in the big, high-walled house in the city. Big gentry families, once entrenched, could take peasant families under their wing, rule the countryside with their own armed militia, and in time of want, squeeze the populace unmercifully. Since filial reverence and obedience of parents was the keystone of the family system, Mao's communism has systematically featured children denouncing their parents.

The old bureaucracy had similarly subtle ways of entrenching itself, mainly by manipulating interpersonal relations through gifts and favors within a network of loyalties and obligations. One can imagine how Mao's senescent dismay at the inevitable revival of these self-seeking practices can trigger the hatred and cruelty of a modern *jacquerie* staged through Red Guard teen-agers.

Destroying and Preserving Face. Prestige and influence in Confucian China sprang from virtuous conduct. To lose face through unseemly conduct was to lose influence. Some residue of this idea attaches to the current Red Guard ceremonials of public humiliation which have reportedly driven many scholars and writers, if not party leaders, to kill themselves. Being led through the streets, paint-bedaubed in a dunce's cap, for example, is more shattering to a dignified

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Chinese of culture than this kind of Sinified hyper-McCarthyism would be to us.

Curiously, face seems to play some part in the calculations of the opposition to Mao's fanaticism. This opposition seems to exist (how could it not?). But why is it not more vocal? Why is Mao not denounced from those centers he does not control?

One reason is surely that the party has accepted "the thought of Mao Tse-tung" as its practical ideology, Mao still has control of his thought, and the party opposition cannot hope to govern without an ideology or put out a substitute ideology while the great man is still active. They have to wait for Mao's fanatical crusade to wear itself out, and then use his ideology to pick up the pieces and get Chinese communism back on the rails. In pre-communist parlance this means they must save the old man's face. His erstwhile followers who are being pilloried have to take it, much as the emperor's ministers used to try to survive his bastinadoing, in order that they might carry on the social order in the name of the despot after he had had his tantrum and done his worst. We can philosophize that this is the price that generations of Chinese bureaucrats have had to pay for a system that heads up in the personal rule of the one man at the top, rather than in the supremacy of an abstraction like the law.

JOHN K. FAIRBANK

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Can Mao Win?

Tokyo

The Peking *People's Daily (Jenmin Jih Pao)*, news organ of the Communist Party, disclosed on February 3 that Sung Jen-chiung, first secretary of the party's northeast bureau, and Pan Fu-sheng, formerly first secretary of the Heilung Chiang Shen region bordering the Soviet Union, had confessed their errors and would henceforth cooperate with Mao's revolution. (The latter had been demoted for disapproving Mao's "Great Leap Forward" in 1959.) Other newspapers *(Ta Kong Pao* and *Wen Hui Pao)* welcomed this act of self-criticism and suggested that sincere repentance might be the path to survival for dissident former leaders of the Chinese Communist Party.

On the other hand, wall posters in Peking display photographs of Peng Chen, former mayor of the city, Lu Ting-i, former propaganda chief of the party and several other purged leaders standing accused before a people's tribunal. They are seen with name boards hanging from their necks – a humiliation inconceivable in the days of their glory, barely a year ago.

How will the "cultural revolution" be brought to an end? One opinion held by sources in Hong Kong is that the Mao faction and the faction identified with President Liu Shao-chi will arrange a compromise. "Scapegoats" will be provided by each side – Peng Chen, Lu Ting-i and Lo Jui-ching, former chief of staff of the People's Liberation Army, will be sacrificed by the anti-Mao faction headed by Liu; Tao Chu, director of the propaganda department, Chen Po-ta, chairman of the cultural revolution committee and Chiang Ching (Mao's wife) will be served up by the Mao faction. A recent headline in *Red Flag*, the theoretical organ of the party, said: "When the cock crows, the sky will clear up." Readers of tea leaves see some meaning in this. For when Mao's wife made her political debut, they quoted a comparable proverb, "The hen announces the dawn." Having earlier urged his wife to "go to the extreme" in furthering the cultural revolution, Mao may judge that the time has come to rescue the situation.

Mao is known to have attended a military committee meeting of the party on January 27, and on February 3 he was present at a reception for the Albanians. It is likewise known that Mao's heir, the defense minister Lin Piao, was not at the reception. Perhaps his chronic tuberculosis kept him away, or he chose to remain in Manchuria, his most important foothold. His disappearance and silence are thought to be significant. The defense minister may be guarding his own safety by shifting responsibility for the Red Guard revolution to Madame Mao, Tao Chu and to Chen Po-ta.

A second view of Pekingologists is that a frontal confrontation must precede the revolution's end. They feel that the Mao group has made President Liu Shao-chi and Secretary General Teng Hsaio-ping the targets for that confrontation, and that Liu and Teng will be arrested by the People's Police, now under the command of the army. To me this second view seems the more plausible. Liu Shao-chi and his wife have been dragged from their home and humiliated by the Red Guards.

And yet, Liu still carries weight within the party

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and the working class. According to a Japanese observer recently returned from China, the Shanghai port has been virtually closed, apparently as a result of sabotage by harbor workers who have supported President Liu. Mail from Shanghai to Hong Kong has been delayed. Another Japanese journalist writes me that Peking's main thoroughfare has been crowded with 700,000 *workers*, behaving as did the Red Guards last autumn. A Japanese traveler I met in Hong Kong reported that the leaders of the workers' unions in the Liu group had paid each worker a bonus equivalent to $100 and instructed them to sabotage, possibly an act of retaliation by the Liu faction against the Red Guards mobilized last year by the Maoists.

"Beat the drowning dog, do not rescue it." This quotation from Lu Hsun appeared in the Peking *People's Daily*. It was said in reference to a final assault on Liu Shao-chi. How has this happened to Liu, who has had a firm grip on the workers and organizations of the party and has seemingly held the loyalty of 10 army commanders among the 13 military districts? It has happened because the President has been completely cut off from his followers in the country; the People's Police around Peking take orders from the Mao group.

At the joint meeting of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, the Military Committee and the Cabinet held on February 3, it was decided to give the People's Liberation Army the power to control the supply of important materials and foods. Mobilization of the army by the Mao group was intended to stop the plundering, control traffic, check sabotage and quell the rebels. We have good reason to think just before the Mao group mobilized the army, a serious purge of its ranks took place. For instance, a reorganization of the cultural revolution committee within the army was announced on January 13 in the *People's Daily* and in the *Wen Hui Pao*. The new leaders of that committee were: Hsu Hsiang-chien (chairman) and vice chairmen Hsiao Hua, Wang Jen-chung and Liu Chih-chen. Mao's wife was listed as an adviser. All of them except Madame Mao and Hsiao Hua were purged only two weeks after this reorganization – evidence of grave dissention over Mao's mobilization of the army.

Those with whom I have spoken foresee that the confrontation between Mao and Liu will reach a decisive stage before May – an off-season in China. By then provisions will have run seriously low in the cities. While there is considerable rice in producing districts, there has been a critical shortage in the cities for the last year and a half, despite a good harvest last year, owing to the Red Guards' capture of railway facilities and their eating without paying.

Those engaged in Japan-China trade complain of frequent cancellations and delays in shipments from China; no reasons are given. Chinese merchants in Hong Kong grumble about a sharp decrease in exports of cement and cotton from the mainland. Business circles in Tokyo and Hong Kong now say that the decline is due to sabotage by workers and the seizure of factories by the People's Liberation Army, which does not know how to run them.

What should be noted at this stage is the role of

The Red Guard Invasion

London

Reports received here from observers in China say there are only two alternatives: either the anti-Maoist Marxist moderates win an uneasy victory, or China will relapse into a long desultory civil war with whole regions like Inner Mongolia, Tibet, Manchuria and the far southwest gaining practical but informal autonomy until a new structure of power based on Peking emerges.

All this assumes that no outside power like Russia or Taiwan will interfere, and that no Chinese leader will send his partisans into Vietnam or across the 1,200-mile Amur and Ussuri rivers that border the Soviet Union. There are now 39 Soviet divisions deployed along that border to stop not a full-fledged invasion but partisan bands crossing over to cut communications.

Eyewitnesses have sent amazing accounts of a Peking crowded with hundreds of thousands of Red Guards between the ages of 15 and 25. They have come from the remotest parts of China. Many have never been to a big city or seen modern motor vehicles from the West. They are apt to stop everyone of those to look inside, touch the fittings, and they will not move on. Their great pleasure is to ride in trucks, buses and coaches to see the sights of the capital. There are hundreds of accidents because they do not give way. They eat and sleep in the streets, if need be, despite the bitter cold. They are content to stand and wait for hours, anywhere. They are organized in paramilitary units under army command. They carry mess tins, water bottles, quilted coats and some have personal arms. The Red Guards from the south have been giving trouble. They are rice eaters and do not like the wheat, barley and millet of the north.

Day in, day out they are harangued by Maoist speakers – one day against the Marxist moderates, the next against officials and party secretaries from one province or the other. University professors, doctors, writers, officials have been hauled through the streets in dunces' hats, spat on, kicked. There are constant speeches telling the Red Guards that they might have to fight in a defensive war against Russia, the US or both.

Leo Muray

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the foreign minister, Chou En-lai. He has been a level-headed man, though he belongs to the Mao faction. He is believed to have told Mao: "You have promised not to use the armed forces in the revolution, but that promise has been broken." Chou En-lai and Madame Mao no longer appear to be marching in step. Chairman Mao is quoted as saying at the end of last year, "Let us save the situation by the new year" (February 9). Far from it: the new year's celebration, never before missed by the Chinese people, was skipped this year. The crisis goes on and points to a final collision between Mao Tse-tung and Liu Shao-chi.

MINORU OMORI

MR. OMORI, *who now heads a research institute on international relations in Tokyo, has been foreign editor of* Mainichi Shinbun *of Japan, one of the world's largest newspapers.*

Missiles and Anti-Missiles

by Daniele Zele

The Joint Chiefs of Staff recommend using Spartan *and* Sprint *missiles to defend 50 selected US cities against enemy missiles at a cost of $20-to-$30 billion, but the Administration hopes to persuade Russia to agree to a moratorium on ABM systems. Soviet Premier Kosygin said in London on February 9 that ABM systems, being defensive, are "more desirable than offensive systems even if they should prove more costly," but* Pravda *says he is ready to discuss "averting a new arms race." Defense Secretary McNamara has warned that even with 50 US cities protected by ABMs, a Soviet attack could still kill 120 million Americans, with this country killing as many Russians. The following background article describes the techniques and limits of anti-ballistic missile defense.* – THE EDITORS

As soon as ballistic missiles became operationally effective the scientists and military experts began thinking about the anti-missile as a means of defense. In itself, this idea comes quite naturally. The classic example is the competition between cannon shell and armor plating. But anti-ballistic missile defense depends on the solution of some serious technical problems and would involve huge sums of money.

Soviet missiles have a range of about 8,000 miles and can hit any target on the earth's surface. The United States' main missile detection system – the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System (BMEWS) – provides the defense with a 15-minute warning. This system was made possible by relatively recent developments in electronics. Huge radar antennas the size of a football field have been developed. They can detect a missile up to 3,000 miles away and are the basic component of every BMEWS station. Each station uses as much electricity as a medium-sized city. Three stations of this type have been built: at Thule, in Greenland; at Clear, in Alaska; and at Flingdales Moor in Yorkshire, England.

BMEWS functions so rapidly that the headquarters of the North American Defense System (NORAD, located at Colorado Springs, Colorado) could launch a retaliatory attack about 10 seconds after a missile is detected. During these 10 seconds BMEWS' electronic data processing equipment would determine the essential characteristics of the attacking missile: speed, trajectory zone, and time of impact, as well as its launching point.

Anti-missile missiles are short- and long-range weapons with nuclear warheads designed to destroy enemy ballistic or intermediate-range missiles during the approach trajectory. Detection of an incoming missile is only the first part of the operation. A way has to be found to explode a nuclear warhead in direct contact with or sufficiently close to the attacking missile to deflect its trajectory, to make it ineffective or to destroy it. The attacking missile must be destroyed at an opportune point along its approach trajectory, which can be divided into three parts.

The first is the launch phase when the missile leaves

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its site and climbs in a few minutes to great heights well outside the atmosphere; the climb terminates when the final-stage motor is turned off. This part of the trajectory would be the most convenient for destroying the missile, because it is still over enemy territory, is moving relatively slowly and from the operational point of view is quite vulnerable.

The second part of the trajectory begins when the nose cone containing the nuclear warhead separates from the other stages, and ends when it reenters the atmosphere, about 62 miles up. This midcourse occupies almost the entire distance covered by the missile, because the climbing phase is nearly vertical and the descent on the target is also quite steep. The range of a normal intercontinental ballistic missile is about 6,000 miles, covered in approximately 20 minutes. The missile reaches a height of more than 620 miles. Midcourse attack against single missiles or against attacks which do not employ sophisticated decoys (these last are the heart of the problem) is possible.

The third part of the trajectory begins when the nose cone reenters the atmosphere. This terminal phase lasts less than 60 seconds, and only part of this time can be used to distinguish the real warhead from the decoys, launch the ABM and destroy the incoming missile. On the other hand, the missiles at this stage must be destroyed at a rather high altitude, so that the ground effects of the explosions over friendly (or one's own) territory will be negligible.

Recent technical achievements permit interception of single missiles but the problem of defending against complex attacks using decoys has still not been solved. The offense has the advantage of being able to choose from a number of possible attack systems, all relatively simple, which make interception very difficult and uncertain. Instead of being launched singly, missiles can be launched in groups or in salvos. They can carry more than one warhead and can launch decoys (which look like missiles on the radar screen) along the way.

The simplest decoys are metallized nylon balloons which can be expelled from the incoming missile by compressed gas or by a small chemical explosion. These balloons would be inflated by special gas bottles and would have the same form and frontal section as the nose cone. Since the balloons would be expelled from the missile outside the earth's atmosphere, they would travel at the same speed as the missile (there would be no drag to slow them down), spread out some distance from it, forming a long trail of objects which would look like a cloud of missiles on the radar screen.

The difficulty in distinguishing the balloons from the missile itself is inherent in the nature of radar. The electromagnetic waves emitted by a radar station strike the object and are reflected back to the station. The reflected waves form an image on the screen which is a function of the surface of the object which is turned toward the station. At some future date it may be possible to distinguish between the missile and the balloons which follow it because the missile is at the front of the formation and the distance between it and the decoys gradually increases because some traces of gas are present even at this altitude. And there is some hope of distinguishing the missile from the decoys through slight differences in the radar reflection obtained by using quickly changing radar frequencies.

Light metal strips may also be used to disturb the defensive radar system. If dispersed from the nose cone in proximity of the target area they would create so much clutter on the radar screen that the nose cone signals would be lost. Finally, a high altitude nuclear explosion over the target area would black out the defensive radar because of the high degree of ionization which it produces.

These deception possibilities have forced scientists to spend most of their time studying the interception of the attacking missile *after* it has penetrated into the atmosphere, because the lightweight objects (the decoys) are quickly slowed down by the atmosphere and become separated from the real missile; thus the latter can easily be identified. However, destruction of the missile at this point of its trajectory would have serious consequences because of inevitable fallout effects. Soviet missiles carry about 10-megaton warheads. If they cannot be destroyed before reaching the territory of the United States, the effects of exploding them there raise the problem of the survival of the population, a problem which will only be worsened by the development of increasingly powerful weapons.

As a partial remedy to this situation, construction of air raid shelters to protect the population from fallout has become an integral part of anti-ballistic missile defense. Fallout effects might be caused either by the explosion of enemy warheads or by ABM defense, as well as by explosion at ground level of enemy warheads purposely aimed at areas not defended by the

COMING: *Robert Coles writes of the work of Bruno Bettelheim — "a hero of our time"*

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ABM defenses (the enemy in this instance wishing to destroy the population by letting the wind carry the radioactive fallout over cities).

The cost of installing an ABM defense varies in relation to the size of the area to be protected. If this protection were limited to the 20 most important cities in the United States (containing about 35 percent of the population), the ABM installations alone would cost $10 billion and the defense of the whole country would cost several times as much. The enemy could double or triple the number of missiles destined to strike the same target for only a fraction of this cost. Also, the enemy may saturate the ABM system by concentrating a sufficient number of missiles on any one point.

How the Interception System Works

Renewed American interest in the anti-missile missile is connected in part with the potential Chinese threat. In the case of a limited attack like the Chinese might launch, the interception system would function in the following way: detection by radar of the incoming missile and cloud of decoys, firing of one or more long-range interceptor *Spartan* ABMs (which have replaced *Zeus* missiles) against an optimum point in the cloud, nuclear detonation of the *Spartan* and the consequent destruction of a number of decoys and maybe the real missile, too. After missiles have penetrated into the atmosphere, a short-range *Sprint* missile would then intercept targets which turned out to be real enemy missiles.

The *Sprint* – the fastest-acting guided missile ever built – would be literally shot from its silo like a bullet from a gun, using a launcher system similar to that employed by the Polaris submarines, and its engines would be ignited only after it has left the silo. The *Sprint* accelerates at about .62 miles per second and this phenomenal acceleration would enable it to intercept the missiles at a height of about 19 miles in just a few seconds, with the aid of very large, very sophisticated radar called TACMAR. TACMAR is a recent development which explores the sky by electronic switching instead of the classic revolving antennas. Thanks to this technical achievement, radar can scan and rescan the whole arc of the sky in a fraction of a second and therefore analyze several suspicious looking objects at the same time. The information received by radar is processed by electronic computers in millionths of a second and transmitted to the MSR – Missile Site Radar – which will launch the defensive missiles from surrounding silos and guide them to the incoming missiles.

But in this case, the explosion would take place at too low an altitude and the ground would be contaminated by radioactive fallout. For this reason the Nike-X terminal defense system cannot stand by itself. A vast construction program to provide the population with shelters to protect them from fallout would also be required. An air raid shelter system would cost the Civil Defense authorities $20 billion for the 20 principal cities alone and $100 billion for the whole country.

Unfortunately, in the United States the population's chances of survival in the case of a global conflict would be quite slim in spite of the huge cost of the ABM defense.

The Soviet Union has a tradition of very deep defensive arrangements and long-lasting wars. It will be very hard to persuade the Soviet Union to give up the idea of an ABM defense, especially when the United States is enlarging its missile arsenal.

The Russians have developed at least two basic prototypes of anti-missiles which could be mass produced. The first – "Griffon" – was first seen at the Moscow parade in 1963. The second – "Galosh" – was presented at the 1964 parade (it seems there is also a second and improved version of this missile). We may deduce that Russia is in about the same position as the United States, *i.e.*, on the point of having to decide whether or not to install a large-scale ABM system. The "Galosh" network, which was installed a few years ago, has probably been outdated by American missile development. Thus there seems to be some chance of settling the question by means of a moratorium. From the Russian point of view there probably are a number of reasons justifying an agreement with the United States. The economic one is probably the most convincing. Installation of a vast ABM system would absorb a great deal of Russia's limited resources. The Soviet regime has to solve the troublesome agricultural problem and this alone will take a lot of money. Furthermore, the Russian leaders promised the people a substantial increase in consumer goods. Nor do they wish to postpone the expansion of their most important industries. The Russians' present economic strength cannot support an arms race and the normal development of the internal economy at the same time.

Moreover, an ABM missile race probably would not favor the Russians. It would be less expensive for the United States than for Russia, because the United States already has the largest missile arsenal. The missile arsenal of each country is believed to contain the following weapons: United States – 934 ICBMs and 512 missiles on submarines for a total of 1,446; Russia – 340 ICBMs and 130 missiles on submarines for a total of 470.

If Russia's strategy is based on the deterrent, then she should give the increase in her relatively limited ICBM arsenal priority over ABM defense.

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The Future-Planners

by Andrew Kopkind

While you and i have lips and voices which
are for kissing and to sing with
who cares if some oneeyed son of a bitch
invents an instrument to measure Spring with?
– E. E. Cummings
from *Is 5*

With the growth of the complexity of society, immediate experience with its events plays an increasingly smaller role as a source of information and basis of judgment in contrast to symbolically mediated information about these events . . . Numerical indexes of phenomena are peculiarly fitted to these needs.
– Albert D. Biderman
from *Social Indicators and Goals*

An editor of *Fortune* calls it "the greatest advance in the art of government [in] nearly a hundred years." Michael Harrington says it is "one of the most radical suggestions put forth by a responsible body in our recent history." An antipoverty official in Virginia fears it is the road to "a full-fledged socialist state"; a socialist teacher in Chicago fears it is not. Tom Hayden, the organizer in Newark, calls it "a new barbarism."

What "it" is that so excites some and horrifies others turns out to be not one thing – or at least nothing for which there are words or concepts in common usage. Rather it is a collection of vaguely related political and intellectual happenings that have to do with new ways to analyze, anticipate, and control the social environment. Involved are elements of old-fashioned central planning and new-fangled futurism; but the participants are more than planners and less than utopians. They are a new genus of social actors, something between politicians and technicians. For the most part, they do not want to push the buttons of the computerized society themselves; they are not technocrats. Instead, they would like to tell whomever is in charge which buttons to push. They dream of using social science instead of pressure politics to solve the nation's problems. Professor Bertram Gross of Syracuse, one of the few men in the business who tries to relate all the happenings into a coherent social movement, calls the new breed "technopols." But a simpler definition describes what they do: plan for the future.

Future-planning is in many ways the most fascinating, and certainly the most fashionable thing to be doing this year in both government and the social sciences. There are a dozen or so public and private panels, task forces, editorial boards, and seminars engaged in it. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has quietly assembled a technopol pool under Assistant Secretary William Gorham and the Columbia University sociologist, Daniel Bell, to explore the possibilities of a "social State of the Union" report. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences has two future-planning projects under way: a "Commission on the Year 2000" (the work will be published in *Daedalus*), and a shorter-term panel on the year 1976. The American Academy of Political and Social Science will publish two special issues of its *Annals* this year on "Social Goals and Indicators for American Society," and the chapters are being discussed this winter in a series of seminars conducted around the East Coast by Bertram Gross. The new planners have an international network: the UN runs a small future-planning operation in Geneva. Last year, future-planners from several countries met in London to set up a continuing project called "Mankind 2000." In Washington, a World Future Society is in the process of formation. Hundreds of private profit-making and nonprofit companies and foundations, taking off from the RAND idea, are in the future-planning game.

"It's an idea whose time is coming," former Assistant Secretary of Labor Daniel P. Moynihan said recently. Politicians of the more conventional stripe are beginning to see a wave in the future. Democratic Senators Harris of Oklahoma and Nelson of Wisconsin have bills in Congress seeking federal support, in one way or another, for future-planning. But the biggest political boost came earlier this month when Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota introduced legislation to set up a Council of Social Advisers in the White House, authorize an annual "Social Report" to the President, and establish a Joint Social Committee of Congress to oversee the whole thing.

The Administration is intrigued by all the activity, but cautious lest public opposition develop before a lobby for future-planning can harden its lines. "Planning" still evokes fears of creeping socialism or rampant New Dealism (although most future-planners

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are ideologically distinct from both doctrines), and both the regular politicians and the technopols keep their eyes trained on the right for signs of attack. But the idea remains attractive. "If the war on poverty turned out to be money without progress," a sociologist said the other day, "this could be progress without money." Presidential Assistant Douglas Cater is the liaison with the future-planners, but he is not overly busy with the task. By and large, future-planning is still directed at the Administration, not by it.

If the technopols have their way, that will not always be the case. They assume that government must increasingly intervene to reform the social structure. But they see that the government is unable either to define its social goals or evaluate its performance in any scientific way. Definition and evaluation are inextricable. For an example, there are no reliable statistics on crime in the US; the FBI totals illustrate the basic law of statistical method – feed "garbage" into computers and you get "garbage" out. There is no way of telling whether methods of prevention and correction do any good, and no idea at all of the precise relationship of presumed "causes" to crime. In effect, the government has no concept of what the "crime problem" is, and at least until publication of the National Crime Commission's report, could develop no relevant anti-crime goals. "Making the streets safe" and such statements are not considered goals at all, but idle wishes or subjective metaphors. A few measurements have been taken of crime, but no significant correlations have yet been drawn. The state of the art was classically described by Groucho Marx; leaning over Harpo's prostrate form and groping for his pulse, Groucho declared, "Either he's dead or my watch has stopped."

Some Sticky Problems

An impressive body of economic indicators, goals, and models has been constructed to show the state of the nation's economy and make policy objectives possible. The future-planners like to remind skeptics that it was not until economists measured unemployment that a distinct "unemployment problem" was recognized, and goals set for its alleviation. Now, federal economists aim for certain levels of employment and use their indicators to rate success toward that end. The Council of Economic Advisers watches over a sophisticated set of national accounts, which give a fair picture of where the country stands in terms of prices, income, steel and car production, movement of goods, investment, construction and the like. The economists use the data (weighted with their own ideas of what's good) to set economic goals. If things begin to go awry – if there are indications of inflation or an unemployment rise – the CEA will advise the President to take whatever steps he can to make the accounts come out even again.

But that is not always easy, and in fact even the economic indicators are inadequate (price indices do not take note of quality changes, for instance), the goals too obviously based on the economists' values, and the power to "fix" the economy really rather slight. Sticky problems on which there is no consensus – such as the maldistribution of wealth – are left unfixed.

Nevertheless, to a race of underprivileged behavioral scientists, the status, influence and political power of the macroeconomists are objects of consuming fascination and some envy. Economic data are *hard;* economic manipulation *works.* Would that the same could be said for psychology, sociology, political science and the rest. As tokens of their esteem, the behavioral scientists choose the terminology of economics and the "harder" physical sciences and mathematics. They throw around phrases like input/output, feedback, entropy, synergism, symbiosis: as if by adopting the symbols of science they could achieve it.

But they know too that the emphasis on economic accounting in governmental planning has excluded crucial social considerations. There is altogether too much talk about Gross National Product and too little about happiness, culture, integration, participation. Bertram Gross calls the obsession with economic forces "the new philistinism."

Gross' hobby-horse is a national system of social accounting, in which aspects of the "quality of life" would be tallied along with the facts of the economy. Ways will be found to work with data on health, social relations, crime, aspirations, art and culture, conflict, mobility. In a long and difficult chapter in the anthology, *Social Indicators,* Gross outlines his ideas on the possibilities for social accounting. He concludes that it is an inevitable development.

Laymen may find social indicator prose rough going and the tables and diagrams unfathomable, but a popular statement of social accounting was made by Michael Harrington two months ago in *Harper's.* His formulation of social accounting is rather simple: translate social values into economic terms (or devise a common unit for social and economic values), list the benefits on one side of a ledger, and balance them off against the social and economic debits on the other side. Thus, on the sheet for "highways" might be the benefits of mobility, convenience, supply and defense capability, employment in the construction trades, and so forth. On the debit side might be urban disruption, natural resource wastage, accident potential, car proliferation, and eyesore intensity. Anyone who has had a few years of the new math should be able to tote up the figures and arrive at a national highways policy.

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What is so *different* about future-planning is its assumption that the lack of information and not the conflict of interests is at the bottom of society's problems. Some of the planners (Gross in particular) question that approach, but despite their arguments the overall effect of future-planning seems to downgrade the importance of conflict. What is so *new* is the expectation that methods will be devised to supply the needed information.

A Washington economist recently explained what social indicators were all about by reducing the notion to an absurdity. He fantasized a scene in the Council of Social Advisers one day in the mid-1980's:

"Dan Bell is idly watching the Dow-Jones societal wire (formerly the business wire): 'Consumer Indignation Index down .04 percent. . . . Black Power Ratio steady (two percent drop in hair-straightener sales offset by two percent rise in empty seats at Miriam Makeba concerts). . . . Three youths from eastern Kentucky accepted at CCNY. . . . Participatory Democracy Determinant drops slightly (collapse of an anti-fluoridation organization in West Texas). . . . Gross Social Product extrapolated to 789 by December 31.'

"Suddenly Bell calls excitedly, 'Mike, Bert, come here quick. The Native Restlessness Index has hit an all-time high!' The Advisers go into special session with their staff, then report their conclusions and recommendations to the President, who the next day asks Congress for emergency legislation to install a nationwide network of plastic swimming pools. He activates the National Guard, and calls a White House Conference."

Back Door to Socialism

Much of the appeal of social indicators comes from the obvious parallel with economic accounting (Gross, as a young legislative assistant, helped draft the Employment Act of 1946 which set up the Council of Economic Advisers; he later served as its director.) There is a feeling among many radical and liberal reformers that no effective movement is likely to bring the kinds of change they want for the US. Harrington and a few others may see future-planning as a back door to democratic socialism; they cannot figure out how to get in by more overtly political means. But the diffuse background and predilections of the future-planners suggest that no common ground for a movement can be found. At one pole are the liberal and socialist humanists – Gross, Bell, Moynihan, Harrington, Leon Keyserling – who are more or less conscious of the values they want the indicators to indicate. At the other are the RAND-y systems analysts who take more pleasure in piecing together puzzles. In the middle somewhere are government officials who want to rationalize the bureaucratic process and be "effective."

The historical springs of future-planning are similarly diffuse. It has much in common with Fabianism and Keynesian economics, although there is no model for the social structure to compare with Keynes' construct of the economy. There is certainly some relevance to the concept of technocracy and managerialism. There is actually very little pure utopianism, which is "an absolute leap into the dark, the attainment of *the* one and only decent society – by people who have no power to bring it about," as one future-planner put it. Many of the new planners have been influenced by Bertrand de Jouvenal, the French political theorist who runs a social research institute called *Futuribles* (the name is a combination of *future* and *possible*). They also look to the urban planning experts who alone have physical models of "the future" to contemplate. Computer technology is not absolutely essential to social accounting, but the excitement computers have generated probably stimulates the urge to collect data.

But the most direct antecedent is the systems-analysis experience which began in the 'fifties and was brought to the government by Defense Secretary McNamara in the 'sixties. A Pentagon planner fixed the origins of the "corporate society" in the Korean War:

"Major funds began to pour into research and development, stimulating the aircraft, missile and electronic industries. The rapid changes in R and D found government bureaucracy incapable of managing the complex weapons which technology declared possible, and the weapons system concept was born. The philosophy has spread throughout the economy."

PPBS – planning-program-budgeting-systems – flowed out from the Defense Department. Systems men set up the guts of the poverty program. HEW took it over and put one of McNamara's whiz kids, William Gorham, in charge. But the systems approach is restricted to more or less fixed programs – a Head Start, a weapons program, a health project. And it is concerned mainly with the efficiency of the program in economic terms – according to its pre-set objectives and values. Cost-effectiveness analysis will not indicate which Head Start organization in Mississippi gives Negroes a better sense of their community, which helps them share in politics, or which instills more dignity in the children. It will only tell which program has more enrollees, disburses more money, and creates jobs.

Social indicators are of a different order. They are meant to quantify the intangibles of quality, and feed them into the accounting. They deal with longer-term societal trends, and lead more directly to policy goals. A social indicator system for Mississippi might find ways to quantify pride, power, and communitarianism, and so formulate objectives and measure performance. The recent Coleman report on the effects of discrimination in education (reviewed by Christopher

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Jencks in this journal, October 1, 1966) was a partial model of what can be done with social indicators. But its field was narrow. The Moynihan report on "The Negro Family" is a better example of the uses of social indicators of continuing trends.

Post-industrial society (as Daniel Bell calls the current managerial, white-collared, technological state of affairs) creates the logic underlying future-planning. A case in point is the development of the supersonic transport. The fantastic size, the money, the time span, and the complex government and corporate interests involved in the project forced planners to think about the future – what things would be like ten or a dozen years hence when people would (or should) be hurtling around the world aboard an SST. On only slightly less complicated levels, the biggest corporations must postulate demands and needs far into the future. Will the US use so many billion barrels of oil in 1985? Then Standard Oil had better buy Honduras, while the price is right. Better still, a combine of the government and an oil consortium should buy Honduras, for the sake of super-rational planning and permanent stability.

The power that industry's own future-planners have is immense. In an important way they can make public policy without feeling responsible to a popular constituency. The aerospace industry has tens of thousands of R and D technicians busily making models of the future and dreaming up ways for their corporations to profit by its exploitation.

The analysts build their futures-models, the companies fit their hardware to the models, the military men plan their strategies according to the available hardware, and the Administration chooses its foreign policy from the possible strategies. Along the way there may be some flexibility of choice: President Johnson can decide to go ahead with an anti-ballistic-missile program, or not. But by the time such choices are presented, many of the crucial alternatives have been eliminated. The R and D people at Lockheed, or wherever, have framed the key questions, even if they have not supplied the answers. Defense policies may be subject to some countervailing public debate, but industry's policies – oil reserve development, say – rarely if ever come into public view.

The "Contract State"

As the biggest purchasing agent in the US, the government has a special interest in seeing that its requirements are fulfilled. The Defense Department has dealings with some 17,000 subcontractors for its 12 weapons systems. Cost-accounting was obviously the only way to check on contract performance. But the "contract state" now encompasses more than military work. Increasingly, government agencies contract out to provide social services – education, job training, health care. Performance in such areas cannot be measured in purely economic terms (although they currently are). Social indicators are needed to judge performance standards. The contract state can hardly exist without them. Defense corporations are already at work analyzing the society's domestic needs, and trying to fit their production to them. James Ridgeway has pointed out in these pages how large companies are thinking about such projects as "new towns," which they would build and (perhaps) operate, for fun and profit. In California, a traditionally nervous aerospace industry has hedged against defense appropriations cuts by working up analyses of crime, pollution, transportation and Heaven knows what else, and selling both their models of the future and their plans for production to the state government. One company peered into its crystal ball and saw revealed an enormous number of Americans living at the water's edge (oceans, lakes, rivers, marinas, etc.) by 1990. It thereupon began to develop ways of producing or investing in the products the new race of amphibians will demand: boats, hydroponic gardens, waterproof paints, resuscitators, and the like. The future-planners can have it two ways: they can get in on the action early in a trend, and they can accelerate it by simply watching it, and doing a little loose talk on the side. They can even create huge markets. One government future-planner notes that RCA invested some $160 million in color television simply to create the market for it. In the same kind of way, the aerospace industry and military technologists created the "market" for the space race, by planning, and producing the hardware.

But model-building of future societies (almost all the planners like to "anticipate" a plurality of possible futures, rather than "predict" one specific future state) is only part of the work. It is the most fun, but also the least responsible. The serious, "scientific" future-planners are more concerned with the methods of developing social indicators, and the ways in which they will be used.

Here the most troublesome problems arise. First of all, there is precious little data available on the operation of the society in a noneconomic way. As a consequence, men like Gross, Raymond Bauer (a Harvard Business School professor who edited *Social Indicators*), and their colleagues have to spend most of their time working out methods for taking measurements. The process leaves more action-minded social critics frustrated and confused. A recent discussion of the crime problem among social indicator people, for instance, dismissed the questions of prevention and causation and focused on correction, because no one has the foggiest idea of how to develop indicators for causes, much less how to work them into a social

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account. Would data on an urban freeway system – which accelerates the flight to the suburbs and thus solidifies ghettoes – be an item in a social accounting of crime? The social accountants take such questions in their stride. The need for data is obvious, no one claims much expertise, and to oppose the science because of its primitive methods is termed "the new know-nothingism." But it is harder for the future-planners to get off the hook on two fundamental problems their work raises: who will use the information collected, and for what purposes?

"Information is a core resource," a New York sociologist said last week in a discussion of indicators. "We've got to help countervailing groups use the information. We have it in economics, but not in the social sciences. There could be a government monopoly on information." Professor Bauer tends to agree: "The data are more likely to be used by people at the top of the structure," he says. Gross points out that there is always conflict in social systems, and social accounting will not – and should not – eliminate such clashes. He sees the role of social accounting as an "effort to restore human values to a central position in man's thought and action."

"Human Values"

There is no general agreement on "human values." But the people who frame the questions about the society and plan the future can easily, and unconsciously, inject their own values into the answers they receive. The Moynihan report was a good example. The assumption was that fatherless, mother-dominated families were a "bad thing." Information was collected about unemployment rates, the number of heads of households who were Negro females, education, delinquency, and other symptoms of pathology. The questions the surveyors asked were designed to find out how bad a thing it was. Such studies might be titled, "The Negroes – and what to do about them." The goals which could emerge from the collection of indicators would have to do with changing Negroes to make them conform to the model of a "healthy" family member. There might be other ways to pose questions about the condition of Negroes – for example, what is so terribly wrong with a social structure that produces racism, alienation, and gross inequality? But the policy implications of the answers to that kind of question might be too unsettling to consider. Moynihan's questions were certainly legitimate, and his data weren't at all inaccurate. The problem was that he and his fellow-surveyors were able to frame national thinking about race and poverty problems by their choice of questions. The danger is that government and corporate elites will monopolize the business of question-asking, and so manipulate the attitudes of the society they are pretending to serve as disinterested technicians.

Elitism seems to be built into the theory of social accounting. "It is an establishment position," Bauer says. "It involves amelioration of the present system, but it assumes that the system can be made to work." Future-planning serves the ideological needs of the "corporate state" to maintain itself by the manipulation of reform: not so much as to change basic economic and political relationships, but enough to take care of immediate needs. The technopols are supposed to keep the balance.

In the 'fifties, Daniel Bell (among others, many of whom are confirmed future-planners) proclaimed "the end of ideology" in America, and predicted its demise in the West. The theory was that ideology arises from conflict, and serious conflict (class warfare and system-wide defects) is forever resolved in the US. Furthermore, the ideological model of Marxism is discredited, and radicalism is a dead letter. What problems remain to be solved are non-ideological, and could best be dealt with by intelligent, humanistic technicians. The systems analysts, the technopols, the future-planners filled the bill perfectly.

Max Ways, of *Fortune*, no modest propagandist for "liberal corporatism," sees the future-planners' role as shifting "the politics of issues to the politics of problems." Under their tutelage, business and government will prosper, and the level of national morality will climb. As proof, he shows how the Secretary of Defense has allowed the US to avoid the twin immoralities of escalation and withdrawal in Vietnam. "McNamara, his systems analysts, and their computers are not only contributing to the practical effectiveness of US action," Ways wrote, "but raising the moral level of policy by a more conscious and selective attention to the definition of its aims."

Ways, Bell, Moynihan, Harrington and others suggest, perhaps without realizing it, that there is a definite ideology of technical problem-solving. It would indeed be "know-nothing" to batter down all attempts at data-collection and social accounting just to get at those ideological elements. Some of the formulators – Gross, Bauer, and Biderman – have no sharp axes to grind, and are open to arguments that their theories may be misused in practice. The "corporate state," "post-industrialism," "the contract state" or whatever US society is coming to, already tends toward elitism and a kind of totalitarianism. "The worst kind of dictatorship," Bauer said not long ago, after an evening's discussion of social indicators, "is the kind that gives people what they want, the kind in which you can't tell you're being controlled." If that is one of the possible futures, it is too important to be left only to the planners.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *More from Germany*

Dusseldorf

This pleasant city on the Rhine is so plump that, as I drive around, I can almost hear it grunt. It is the "executive capital" of the Ruhr – very little industry, many offices of the factories and plants in the area.

We are invited to a buffet supper in the suburbs. ("We," as I noted last week, are a dozen American writers spending two weeks in Germany as guests of the Ford Foundation and Atlantic Bridge, a German organization that promotes relations with the US.) This is no ordinary suburban home: it is the quasi-baronial residence of Dr. Hans Reuter, chairman of the board of a huge manufacturing concern. The guests are mostly from industry, together with members of the Federal Parliament and a sprinkling of cultural figures. There is one trade union officer.

After the excellent buffet, the men are asked to seat themselves around a large round table in a sunken living room, while the ladies sit on a little mezzanine. The political discussion, which follows, is chaired by Baron Falkenhausen, an Essen banker, president of the International Bankers Association, a hawk-nosed, parchment-faced, stiff-necked, imperious old man. Whenever he feels like interrupting a speaker, he does. (Only one man – Dwight Macdonald of our group – politely calls the chairman himself to order when he cuts off a speaker.) We ask questions, and, for the most part, they are answered by Kurt Birrenbach, a quick-brained MP.

Here are some of the questions we raise, and Birrenbach's answers. Germany's attitude toward the proposed US-Soviet nuclear deterrent treaty? Germany does not want nuclear weapons for herself; but she does want to keep nuclear options open for a possible United Europe, which in wartime would be a prime battleground and which, in peace, would suffer competitively if it were deprived of nuclear energy. The reason for Germany's current recession? De Gaulle's veto on Great Britain's application for entry into the Common Market impeded the unification of Europe, which might have averted the recession – inequalities in the continent-wide sale of consumer goods might have leveled out. Views on German reunification? After the war Adenauer had to make a choice: Western alliance or reunification, and – correctly – he chose the former. Now that phase is over, and moves will be made to bring about a favorable climate for reunification. Reactions to the rise of the neo-Nazi NPD? Concern but not alarm. They are a party of small shopkeepers, rural intransigents, and refugees from East Germany; a small, emotional group without a defined political program. Plans are under way to amend the Constitution so that, among other results, minority parties like the NPD will be eliminated from Parliament. (This reply reminds me of a Hamburg writer who told me proudly about his protest to a newsstand-distributor arguing that the NPD newspaper should be banned. Well, that's *one* approach to the inculcation of democratic values.) Attitudes toward the new Chancellor's Nazi past? Like many others, Birrenbach thinks the fact regrettable but irrelevant; the "Grand Coalition" was essential and must succeed, and Kiesinger is the man to lead it. He thinks that Kiesinger's past is no more relevant than the Communist past of Herbert Wehner, now in the cabinet as Minister for All-German Affairs. And Birrenbach points out that Wehner was a high official in the pre-Nazi Communist Party while Kiesinger was never more than a minor functionary for the Nazis.

Baron Falkenhausen adds that outsiders do not always realize "how we had to deal from day to day with the Nazi problem as it arose." Obviously we made mistakes, he says, but we had to keep going as best we could.

None of us can be perfectly sure that, in the same position at the same time, we would have been wiser or braver. Yet I cannot help thinking that these are the very men (or their counterparts) who sat around this very table and made those decisions in the thirties.

Bonn

We are waiting in our hotel lobby for our rooms to be readied. Suddenly photographers and film-cameramen and assistants with bright lamps spring from nowhere and stream toward the front doors. A motorcycle escort swoops past, and in comes Willy Brandt, the Foreign Minister, with Corneliu Manescu, the Rumanian Foreign Minister, just arrived to negotiate the establishment of diplomatic relations with his country.

They pose and smile, the Social Democrat and the Communist, toasting each other in Cinzano. The wages of political success, even for revolutionary street-fighters, are morning coat and striped trousers and the smile that must be held and repeated.

Five o'clock in the cabinet room of the Chancellery. The immense green-covered table is circled with teacups, small plates of cookies, packets of cigarettes, and boxes of cigars. Herr Kiesinger comes in, and each of us is introduced.

He is a tall, deliberate, portly man with a surprisingly soft handshake. He takes his place, and we are all seated, the Americans alternating with members of the cabinet and the Parliament. The Chancellor speaks English well, if not swiftly, and only occasionally needs to have a German word translated by an aide. (His French, I am told, is perfect.) He has the ease of a man used to being the center of all eyes.

He invites our questions but asks that the conversation be off the record. Naturally, however, he says little that he has not already said publicly

(Continued on page 44)

COMING
Stanley Hoffmann
on Raymond Aron's
Peace and War

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Taps for FDR

by Gerald W. Johnson

In a way, Rexford G. Tugwell's new book may be construed as a formal announcement that Franklin D. Roosevelt is dead. Everybody knows that his heart was stilled 22 years ago, but every informed observer knows that as an active – at times dominant – force in American political history, he lived long after that. Truman made no pretense about it; he flatly refused to apply any Statute of Mortmain to his philosophy of history. Eisenhower was not so frank, but he too was swayed, especially in foreign affairs, by the same influence. Even Kennedy felt it. It took the hot, sagebrush-scented winds of Texas to sweep it out of the atmosphere of Washington.

FDR: Architect of an Era
by Rexford G. Tugwell
(Macmillan; $4.95)

This applies, of course, only to the Rooseveltian influence on work in progress. His own work is not affected. Of all that he achieved in life, the minor part that was basically unsound long since collapsed and disappeared, while the soundly based major part is now set like concrete, and could be blasted out of our political system only by an explosion that might well wreck the republic. After a quarter of a century both parts come, as the lawyers say, under the rule *stare decisis* and are not profitable subjects of debate.

In some measure this applies to any career important enough to attract the attention of biographers and historians. First, the record must be elaborated and amplified by assembling all pertinent testimony. Not until that has been accomplished is it possible to make the kind of analytical summary, balancing what the man did against what he was, that will fix definitely his niche in history. The more important the career, the more formidable the task, and if it is of high importance the time required may easily run into decades. Thomas Jefferson's position in our political hierarchy is still disputed after a hundred and forty years.

Tugwell's manner of writing in this volume plainly indicates a belief that the process of elaboration and amplification is approaching, if it has not reached its end. It is not that he attempts the summation. On the contrary, in a postscript to the text he refers to "this just-beginning analysis," indicating that its completion is reserved to the next, or to some succeeding generation. Tugwell's book is transitional, halfway between a chiefly factual life and an analytical summary. But it is idle even to begin analysis of a career until it can be viewed as a whole, that is to say, until it is ended. Thus the fact that he does begin it is tantamount to a proclamation that Roosevelt is dead.

Its transitional character makes it a moral certainty that the book will incur some misdirected and therefore unjust criticism. Tugwell is keenly aware that Roosevelt's psychological impact upon the country produced effects at least equalling in importance the effect of the whole of his statecraft. One gathers that it was Tugwell's intention to make not a definitive, but at least a tentative, preliminary evaluation of this phase of the saga. Thus he devotes some, but none too much, attention to wealth and aristocratic lineage as handicaps, rather than helps, when a man aspires to leadership of a modern democracy. He considers, too, the effect of a sudden confrontation with death attended by severe physical pain in stripping away the artifacts with which we cushion existence and bringing a man face to face with reality. But many another wealthy aristocrat has met agony and the Arch Fear with no visible effect on his character or conduct. Why this one should have responded differently is not lucidly explained; one suspects that Tugwell has passed too lightly over Eleanor, Louis Howe, and, especially, the unfortunates at Warm Springs.

At the same time the author was himself closely involved with many of the most important projects of the New Deal, particularly in its early days. It is beyond reason to expect a man with so tremendous an experience behind him to turn his mind back to those days without becoming somewhat involved with "old, unhappy, far-off things – and battles long ago," to the impediment of his narrative. Mr. Tugwell does not quite avoid this trap, although, to do him justice, he seems to have made a heroic effort to escape entanglement with the alphabetical agencies and temperamental clashes whose significance has long since faded.

Perhaps the most conspicuous instance of this loss of perspective is in the threnodic passage recording the displacement of the first by the second New Deal. But even here Mr. Tugwell is measurably restrained. He regards it as lamentable, but he does not, like some of his more fanatical associates, brand it as the crime of the century, or, indeed, as felonious at all. He approaches, if he doesn't quite reach the contemporary opinion that it was a natural and probably inevitable progression. However, he still takes a dim view of the judgment of Frankfurter and Brandeis, whom he holds responsible for the shift.

He does not answer, perhaps he disdains to answer, the query of the numerous voters now 25 years old: what, after all, was the significant difference between the two New Deals? Incredible as it may seem to Mr. Tugwell, the modern generation finds it almost invisible.

Rigid logicians, therefore, are likely to dismiss the book as falling between two stools, being partly a factual record and partly a critical evaluation, but not completely either. This is misdirected, therefore unjust criticism. Friedel is, of course, the great annalist

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of the period and his six volumes stand as the factual record, while Schlesinger is the illuminator of that record. Tugwell's volume of less than 300 pages is in a different class. It is the first tentative effort toward an evaluation of Roosevelt as a historical, not a contemporary figure. There is a distinct, if elusive, difference. It is too much to say that Tugwell has pinned it down, but he has certainly taken a long stride in that direction.

In many respects he is exceptionally well qualified for the task. He played so important a part in the first New Deal, that for a time he was, after FDR himself, the worst-hated man in the Administration. But he was not broken by it, because he was a first-class hater in his own right. The passage of time may have damped somewhat but it has not extinguished his fire, and it breaks through his pedestrian interest in economics and sociology often enough to cast a gratifying reflection of hell-fire upon the work. Tugwell is good when he writes about heroes, but when he writes about swine he is superb.

There is a passage describing how, immediately after Pearl Harbor, Washington was invaded by vast herds of jackals and hyenas, contemptuous of blood and agony, but avid of a chance to rifle the treasury of a stricken nation. Without hysteria, indeed in carefully measured and modulated phrases, Tugwell portrays this horde, but the low-keyed prose is charged with a glorious ferocity.

The subtitle of the book is "Architect of an Era," but what it describes is not an architect but a master builder forced to work from preliminary sketches, not blueprints, and supplying details by a combination of common sense and guesses, some inspired, but some very bad indeed. Nevertheless, the main body of the structure has survived the battering of a quarter of a century, and bids fair to last much longer – an achievement commanding the respect of all architects.

It is right at the end, though, that the book really takes wing. In the chapter describing the passing of Roosevelt, and in the postscript Tugwell touches – but lightly – an evaluation. The language is measured, terse, austere, but imbued with the rigidly restrained emotional tension without which no writing can really soar.

Rexford G. Tugwell is commonly regarded as anything but a romantic figure. Yet in this book almost the last of the New Dealers, with his too-long hesitation over sparkling memories, but with his splendid gesture at the end, brings to mind "bold Sir Bedivere." The last survivor of the Round Table was charged with the funeral duty of hurling Excalibur, the sword of Arthur, back into the mere whence it came, for only so could the legend survive. Dazzled by the glory of the jeweled haft and the artistry of the matchless blade, Bedivere twice had not the heart to do his duty, and it was only by shutting his eyes that at last he could wheel and swing with all his might; and "the great brand / Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon." The analogy must not be pressed too far. Tugwell has hardly produced any lightnings, but, like Bedivere, he has opened the way to a legend that will last a long time.

Incidentally, the publishers deserve a bow for the pleasing format of the volume and especially for the fine photographs with which it is illustrated.

Fulbright versus Taylor

by Alex Campbell

Senator Fulbright might have decided not to bother writing *The Arrogance of Power*, had he known General Maxwell Taylor was writing *Responsibility and Response*. For the former ambassador to Saigon and chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff apparently set out to prove the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee wrong, and succeeds in demonstrating that about all it can in the way of high-minded crusades embarked on for the regeneration of mankind without its consent or consultation. It does not in fact matter much whether Fulbright had Taylor specifically in mind, or was thinking about Secretary of State Dean Rusk. He scores a bull's eye with either target. Rusk has said that when Americans, the good guys, are asleep, "two-thirds of the other people in the world are awake and up to some mischief." Almost precisely the view of Taylor, who sees the world as effete Europeans, Indians and other lesser breeds standing idly by while "the troublemakers" prowl in the debris of dissolved empires, hoping to prey on weak, emerging nations but thwarted by "many-eyed, vigilant" us. We used to be Cyclops, not Argus, Taylor explains, but that was when we had "a single principal enemy, the Sino-Soviet bloc." If you think the bloc's breakup is a good thing you're wrong, for "now we have not only two major adversaries, the Soviet Union and Red China, but additionally other trouble-making powers which must be taken into account." It's an additional misfortune for his argument that Taylor cites faded Indonesian President Sukarno as one of the "other" troublemakers, and Algeria and Southern Rhodesia as places the Russians indicated as ripe for "wars of national liberation" that the United States,

Responsibility and Response
by Maxwell D. Taylor
(Harper & Row; $3.50)

The Arrogance of Power
by J. William Fulbright
(Random House; $4.95)

Fulbright hit the nail on the head. "Far from engaging in a display of arrogance," says Taylor, this country is "discharging a sober responsibility." The statement is preceded by 78 pages (the book has only 80) of facile analogies and tinny generalizations that would confer no credit on a junior school debater. He may think this sort of thing is what on the last page of his book he calls "steadiness of nerve in playing our high cards." Fulbright prefers to call it the arrogance of power.

General Taylor plainly would be mystified and hurt to be included among Fulbright's "self-appointed emissaries of God" from whom, Fulbright insists, the world has endured

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on his theory, ought to stamp out.

Taylor's theory worked badly for him in practice. He was a flop in 1964-65 as ambassador to Saigon, which he accuses of "political impotence" and of lying to him. He believed earlier that President Ngo Dinh Diem was in charge, when Diem wasn't. He assured Kennedy in 1961 that Diem was giving South Vietnam good government and beating the Viet Cong. He says: "In Vietnam in 1954 we took sides with little hesitation" – in fact there was plenty – "but I find no record which suggests that our leaders had a clear understanding of what the consequences of involvement might be." On the contrary, the "Ridgway Report" of 1954 specifically warned that US involvement in Vietnam would mean heavy casualties and "a tremendous engineering and logistical effort." That report hung like a thunder cloud over all the strenuous attempts to escalate the American involvement in Vietnam, but finally President Johnson (with General Taylor as his "special adviser") took the plunge.

To fly in the face of hard facts and dismal failures, and blithely hustle a dogma involving even greater American involvement all around the globe, isn't the response of responsibility, it's the reflex of arrogance, just as Senator Fulbright says. The communists have it too. The Taylor doctrine has never been better put than by General Giap, the North Vietnamese military commander. Substitute the words "communist troublemakers" for "United States imperialists" in Giap's statement that: "If the special warfare that the United States imperialists are testing in South Vietnam is overcome, then it can be defeated anywhere in the world." The difference is the communists have the inclination but not the power to embroil themselves everywhere in the world; the US has the power and Taylor wishes it to have the inclination.

The story of Fulbright's disillusionment with people he thought responsible is too familiar by now to need detailing here. In the 1962 Cuban missile crisis he supported the President and even advocated an invasion of Cuba by American forces. In the 1964 Gulf of Tonkin crisis he obediently endorsed the resolution authorizing the President to take "all necessary steps" against North Vietnam. In April 1965 he expressed no disapproval of landing Marines in Santo Domingo. Five months later he made a critical speech about this kind of intervention and learned, apparently to his surprise, that dissenters aren't loved in Washington. He was accused of lack of patriotism and of aiding, comforting and informing (alternatively, dangerously misinforming) "the enemy."

Fulbright drew conclusions from his experience which he put in his Christian Herter lectures and has now elaborated and refined. He explains more carefully what he means by "arrogance" and the book has both more body and more sting than the lectures had. What distinguishes Fulbright from Taylor, and apparently also from Rusk and maybe President Johnson, is his awareness that there were troubles and "troublemakers" before 1917 and that revolutions didn't begin with Bolsheviks. Unlike all simple-minded cold warriors, Fulbright suffers the disadvantage of knowing about events like the Irish Rebellion, the Mexican Revolution (1910), the French Revolution (1789) and even the American Revolution (1776). He knows Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln said things radical enough to make J. Edgar Hoover keel over. He also knows that Taylorism and Ruskism are very old hat; Theodore Roosevelt tried to make America into Big Brother back in 1904.

He is not scared of North Vietnam as a threat to the security and vital national interests of the United States, but of America muffing the first real chance there has been since 1945 to end the cold war, beginning in Europe. He has taken the trouble to disentangle the facts from the myths about Vietnam, and to conclude that "The United States is now involved in a sizable and 'open-ended' war against communism in the only country in the world which won freedom from colonial rule under communist leadership. In South Vietnam as in North Vietnam, the communists remain today the only solidly organized political force"; from which it seems to him to follow that in a free election in South Vietnam the National Liberation Force (Viet Cong) would emerge as "a major political force in the country but with the Buddhists and Catholics, the Cao Dai and the Hoa Hao also showing themselves to be important forces." Fulbright sees hope of peace in that. The big question that has to be answered now is, will people respond responsibly with Fulbright, or arrogantly a la Tweedledum Taylor and Tweedledee General Giap?

A Bereavement

It is a thumping and eternal lie.
It is not two weeks of happiness,
Only blackness with a patina of blue sky.

It is not a rink between promontories
On which to slide triangular sails,
But a smooth launching of random journeys.

Lovely boys, ignore the whispering shell
Whose issue waits to saturate uniforms
Of valour and drown lusts you would propel.

Outstare the audacious winking wave
Whose foaming lace is ephemeral,
Whose blue sheeting palls an impatient grave,

Before promenading sorrow swells again
Filling asylum with postcards unfolding
False seascapes from my shrouded captain

When, like rain, the sea in tiny quantities
Arrives without the wreckage of one bone
Or slimy button for trembling reliquaries.

Freda Downie

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Retrospect on O'Faolain

by Grattan Freyer

Sean O'Faolain is the age of the century. At 67 he is Ireland's leading prose writer – if we exclude the expatriate Beckett who, while far from forgetting his Irish roots, has chosen to make his work part of the literature of France. A year ago O'Faolain produced an autobiography, and a few weeks ago there appeared a volume of his stories which was widely hailed as placing him within the half-dozen contemporary masters of that form.

Vive Moi!
An autobiography by Sean O'Faolain
(Atlantic-Little, Brown; $6.95)
The Heat of the Sun:
Stories and Tales by Sean O'Faolain
(Atlantic-Little, Brown; $5.95)

Irish writing of the last fifty years has been preoccupied with three or four major themes which mark off its subject matter from that of British or American writers. Each of these themes is well represented in O'Faolain's work. There is the Irish countryside, so curiously distinctive, its bogs, mountains and watery light casting a melancholy charm both on those who live there and on outsiders who visit them. There is the period of the Irish "troubles," now often referred to grandiloquently as the War of Independence against Britain. Then there is the religious question: for good or ill, Irish Catholicism is a brand of its own. Finally, there is the theme of exile. Many Irish writers have found, as did Shaw and Joyce, voluntary exile a prerequisite for creative work. All Irish writers have found, as did Yeats, long periods of foreign residence essential to clarify their heads and hearts. O'Faolain's work has been profoundly affected by spells of study and teaching in America and by two quite lengthy stays in Italy.

The Sunday Ramparts

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Sean O'Faolain was born in southern Ireland's second city, Cork. Corkmen tend to be clannish, city-proud and culture-conscious – they have been heard to say that Venice would be as beautiful as Cork, if only they filled in the canals. Though the family was Catholic, Sean's father was a member of the pro-British police force, the old Royal Irish Constabulary. A moving incident is described in the autobiography when the father was ordered to take part in the eviction of a small farmer who was refusing to pay rent and had barricaded himself in. This of course was a political fight. At one stage a heated bar was thrust out through the window and the constable seized hold to wrest it away. A painful injury was the result, but more painful was the moral shock of realizing the deep feelings aroused in what was soon to be a struggle between those Irishmen who were determined to rule and run their own country and those who stood by the old order.

Divided loyalty can be a fruitful experience. The autobiography explores the gradual change in the young man's sympathies until he found himself on the national side. He spent six years in the rebel army. But he gives an anticlimactic account of this. He says he shot nobody and was briefly under fire once. For the rest, he worked as courier, information officer, and at making bombs. Despite that, guerrilla war against British terror in a civilian city was a forcing-house for his sensibility, and a lasting memory:

> "It is difficult neither to exaggerate nor to minimize when remembering such things. The truth of it is that they were both wonderful times and nightmare times. Even still, after forty years have blunted my worst memories of them, I still frequently awake sweating from a nightmare that has whirled me back among them again."

When he began to write, O'Faolain's first theme was inevitably these "wonderful times and nightmare times." He entitled his first collection *Midsummer Night Madness and Other Stories* (1932). In the long title-story, one of the patriot fighters is quartered in a crumbling Irish mansion outside Cork, still inhabited by its owner, a wheezy, lecherous, eccentric, eighty-year-old member of the former ascendancy – Henn of Henn Hall. The narrator is a youthful rebel from the city, who is sent out on his bicycle to find the reason for the lack of insurgent activity in the area. He discovers a strange mix-up. The two occupants of the house are rivals for the affections of a half-gypsy girl who inhabits the gate-lodge to the estate. It is the old man who wins. But before this denouement, a child is killed, casually, by a shot from a truckload of British soldiers, and a Big House across the valley is burned as a reprisal. The night's madness takes its course.

Conor Cruise O'Brien in an interesting study of certain aspects of O'Faolain's work in *Maria Cross* has pointed out the wild implausibility of this and other tales in the volume. In another story a female British spy is captured by the guerrillas and taken for the night to a friendly monastery, where she succeeds in seducing the young revolutionary soldier set to guard her. Yet there is an intensely realized imaginative reality about all these situations. Probably no other work of fiction expressed with such sensitivity the brooding violence of the times, particularly in the Irish countryside. It is the mood Yeats caught in his long poem "Meditations in Time of Civil War," and again, looking back, in "The Municipal Gallery Revisited." There are times in a nation's history when those who live through them feel their lives are being telescoped. "It made a man of you," was the comment of Frank O'Connor's mother through her tears when her son came home to her after the revolutionary struggle.

Midsummer Night Madness was promptly banned by the Irish censors, a sad comment on the new puritanism which had come to power in the free Ireland for which both O'Faolain and O'Connor had fought, and which still

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makes half of modern literature officially unobtainable in the Irish Republic. This was not the action of a dictatorial minority. It echoed the sentiments of smug busybodies at parish level, and in *Vive Moi!* the author describes how even his mother, living on in Cork, suffered from the innuendo that her son was a dedicated pornographer. When a novel, *Bird Alone* (1936), suffered a similar fate, it is small wonder that O'Faolain's journalism for many years hinted at a chip on the shoulder. The indignity was the more distressing in that O'Faolain has never been a protagonist of the permissive society. His work has been deeply concerned with the activity of faith within a modern community.

Evidently hoping for a comeback against the Irish censors, the author sent a copy of *Bird Alone* to François Mauriac with a note that it aimed at being a Catholic novel, and did Mauriac agree? Mauriac's reply is not on record. But this poses the question, what is a Catholic novel? *Bird Alone* is written in the first person. The narrator is an old man living alone in a garret looking out over Cork. In the restless nights he recalls the events of his youth. He has been greatly influenced by his grandfather, who supported the Irish revolutionary movement when the Church forbade this. His father he describes, plausibly, as a man who "was innocent before God and disliked by every man that knew him." Other characters appear, and then little by little the determining incident of the old man's life unfolds. He once got a girl into trouble. The struggle of carnal desire against Catholic precept is described with wonderful delicacy. Obsessed by her sin, the girl dies giving birth to a stillborn child. The old man, an outcast in his native city, broods endlessly on "those little accidents that have prevented many people from taking part in the affairs of their city, or of God." All the characters in this novel are Catholic, though not all are believing, nor do those who believe find it easy to live up to their beliefs. But what distinguishes this book from that of a secular novelist such as, say, Ernest Hemingway or John Dos Passos is the continual awareness of a transcendant moral order, neither fashioned

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by man, nor readily comprehended by him.

Clerical characters figure frequently in his next two volumes of stories, *A Purse of Coppers* (1937) and *Teresa* (1947). Often there is a strained note, suggesting an oversubjective preoccupation. In 1952 O'Faolain published a study in religious thought, *Newman's Way*. In his latest story collection *The Heat of the Sun* he seems at last to have got priests out of his system. Though the clergy do appear in two tales, they are handled with a new breadth, which perhaps reflects his encounter with continental Catholicism. Elsewhere he has described the sense of freedom this gave: "I felt I had left a nation and joined an empire."

Superficially the most striking contrast between the last volume of stories and the first is the tightened technique. Every story in the first book opens with an evocation of atmosphere: "Macroom Castle was built somewhere in the sixteenth century by the MacCarthys, a building of great height raised on a solitary outcrop of rock and with a moat and a demesne reaching down to the river edge." The new stories open with a fast statement of theme: "Rosebud met him one summer afternoon in London while she was lying flat on her face on the pavement of St. James' Street outside Prunier's restaurant during an air-raid." This is a whiplash opening, comparable to the whiplash endings O'Faolain ably analyzed in his critical study *The Short Story* (1948). Too close a concern with technique has its dangers. It can lead to mechanicalism, and the story from which the second of these quotations comes, "£1,000 for Rosebud," while neat and amusing at a certain level, lacks human depth. When technical mastery of the form has been achieved, another question must be asked to distinguish the outstanding story from the merely competent: does the reader feel richer afterwards for an exploration of the human situation, or has he simply been entertained? The quality here suggested, which can only come from a maturity in the author's outlook, is the one which cannot be taught in schools of creative writing.

Judged even by this high standard, however, most of the stories in this collection score. Through them runs a universal theme – the yearning, imperfect nature of human love, whether of the life-frightened Irish adolescents O'Faolain knows so sadly well, or that of the worldly English major of "In the Bosom of the Country" or of the French sawmill owner of "The Human Thing." Half-consciously, perhaps, this Irish writer's latest volume is an annotation of an ancient dictum, "Through our imperfect loves we seek the perfect love." *The Heat of the Sun* is a mellow, mature anthology.

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Hell's Angels

by Richard M. Elman

Hunter S. Thompson doesn't think much of the "button-down" lives of the squares. He likens them to "ribbon salesmen," enslaved to their "time payments," at best hypocritical pseudo-hipsters when they try to swing, and, at worst, the liberal persecutors of the aberrant, or victims of affluence and "abulia," and the creators of a mass hysteria toward California's obscenely festooned gangs of motorcycling Hell's Angels which has only helped to glamorize and institutionalize their "outlaw" status, lending to their shabby Wehrmacht muftis and atavistic sleeziness a high-Camp prestige and a Charisma for exceeding the actual numbers of those who have been so attired.

Hell's Angels
The Strange And Terrible Saga
Of The Outlaw Motorcycle Gangs
by Hunter S. Thompson
(Random House; $4.95)

Thompson also concedes that these "losers" on wheels are a threat to the self-satisfied bourgeoisie, but he takes great delight in exposing what has merely been invented and advanced about them by the mass media out of an opportunistic need to make eye-catching copy, and what Angel offenses are actual. For example, after the brouhaha over Kenneth Anger's film *Scorpio Rising*, a homosexual motorcyclist fantasy but not a Hell's Angels film, Thompson points out, the square press "relegated" the outlaws to "new nadirs of sordid fascination. More than ever before," he explains, "they were wreathed in an aura of violent and erotic mystery . . . brawling satyrs, ready to attempt congress with any living thing, and in any orifice. . . ." He then goes on to locate the Angel's threat to the square world in square ambivalence. Angels are "an instrument of anarchy, a tool of defiance, and even a weapon."

"A Hell's Angel on foot can look pretty foolish," he asserts ". . . their everyday scene is as tedious and depressing as a costume ball for demented children. . . . But there is nothing pathetic about the sight of an angel on his bike. The whole – man and machine together – is far more than the sum of its parts. . . . It is his only valid status symbol, his equalizer. . . ."

All of these remarks appear in the context of Thompson's fascinating invocation to, evocation *of*, and reportage *about* the Hell's Angels which, to pay it what may seem like a left-handed compliment, is certainly the most informative, thorough, and vividly written account of this phenomenon yet to appear. And no wonder! Thompson spent better than a year among the Angels. He is himself an accomplished motorcyclist, familiar, it would seem, with the drug and "acid" scenes. He was also eventually "stomped" by the

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Angels. In the course of his investigation, Thompson may slight making the obvious connection between the motorcycle fad in this Country and that in pre-Hitlerian Germany under Weimar, but he makes a lot of other interesting connections between the Hell's Angels and present-day square society, especially its liberal elements. Although Thompson seems to have elevated the outlaws for himself to "new nadirs of sordid fascination," he has also managed to correct many popular misconceptions about them, and, in the process, provided his readers with a tendentious but informative participant-observer study of those who are doomed to lose. Yet his work might shortly be relegated to the souvenir bins of a rapidly-changing faddist era were it not for the assertions which Thompson makes about the proliferation of "losers" in our society, and for his talents as an imaginative writer.

Very simply, Thompson believes that the "unemployables" and the deracinated are on the ascendency in American life – that, in short, Hell's Angels are the *avant garde* of a new lumpen class. He is able to trace this class to the Hillbilly descendants of the indentured servant classes who came to this country two centuries ago and have only recently begun to appear in cities in large numbers, as well as to a fallout from other more recent ethnic groups, and, of course, to the resentfuls within the black ghettos. While he is generally in sympathy with such plights, even comparing such lumpen behaviour to the spontaneities of the Watts rioters, he further manages to see a peculiar integrity to this kind of behaviour which is in increasing conflict with a society upholding property, education, and restraint.

And if what Thompson tells us about Hell's Angels is true, we squares certainly do have reason to be fearful. Angels initiate their fellow members by collecting their mutual excreta in a bucket and then dumping it over the fellow's head. They are practitioners of the recriminatory gang-bang and the mass rape. Like all outlaw groups, they have their own codes of honor and their own emblemology. Red wings on an Angel's back advertise that he has practiced cunnilingus with a menstruating woman. Black wings, as I recall, advertise buggery.

If all that seems threatened here is a minor constituency of the public health officials, then, of course, Thompson's point is missed. It's not simply the spreading of clap, crabs, and other disreputable diseases; its a particular kind of social disarray that seems imminent:

> "Consider the reaction of the middle-aged roofing-and-siding salesman, cruising along with his wife and two children in the family Mustang on a remote stretch of Highway 101. Something in the engine begins to clank, so he pulls onto the shoulder and begins to look. Suddenly he hears a rumble of motorcycles. A dozen Hell's Angels pull over, get off their bikes, and walk toward him. Thinking quickly, he jerks the oil dipstick out of his engine and begins lashing at the thugs. His wife, terror-stricken, leaps out of the car and runs into a nearby cornfield, weaving through the stalks like a lizard. The children cower, the man is punched, and moments later a Highway patrol car arrives. The outlaws are jailed on $3,000 bond for aggravated assault and attempted rape. . . ."

Imagine this multiplied by the thousands of incidents, as Thompson's vision would have it, and, unless I am mistaken, what he actually seems to be projecting through such set pieces of comic, anti-square exaggeration is a future reign of anarchy and terror, a new order perhaps, civil war between the squares and the lumpen strata. Then even the pseudo-hippies will be called before the inscrutable bar of lumpen justice; for, as Thompson observes, when push came to shove recently in California, the Angels thought nothing of attacking anti-Vietnam demonstrators despite the exhortations for camaraderie of the *guru* Allen Ginsburg and like-minded other Berkleyites.

Taken, then, as a delirium for the future, Thompson's book is a hairily comic metaphor for a society getting just about what it deserves for napalming Vietnamese and instituting privilege for everybody except those who

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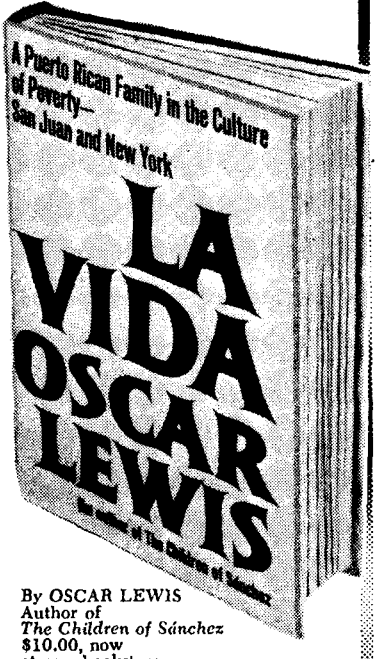

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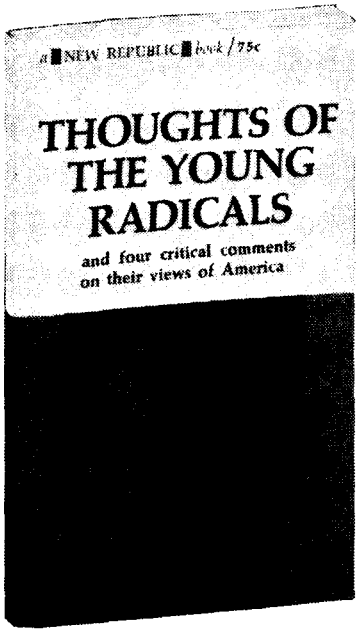

- This was the question the editors of *The New Republic* asked a group of young thinkers of "the New Left." Their replies, first published in *The New Republic*, are now available in inexpensive paperback form.
- After the essays by Stokely Carmichael, Charlie Cobb, Tom Hayden, Todd Gitlin, Jean Smith, Richard Flacks and Casey Hayden appeared, the editors then invited some of the "older generation"—Michael Harrington, Ronald Hamowy, Robert Coles and Paul Seabury to comment. Their thoughts are included in this volume.
- The introduction is by Andrew Kopkind, Associate Editor of *The New Republic*, who has followed the activities of the young radicals over the past few years.

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need it most; and it's a metaphor which, even in its grotesque nonsensicality, manages to scratch a bit of the truth off the American veneer. I have the feeling, however, that should that day of ultimate integrity ever arrive, advocates such as Thompson may find themselves treated worse than simply being stomped. What utility, after all, would *guru* poets and motorcycling novelists of talent and integrity have in a society dedicated only to the integrity of the brutal? Yes, it's only because there are so many middle-class squares in America that Thompson has the means and the audience with which to *epater* these very same bourgeois. If push comes to shove, therefore, Mr. Thompson may end up as poet laureat of the Angels, but who will take the trouble to keep track of his royalty statements? Who will bother to read his finely worked prose ecstasies? To judge from the recent history of other nations, such a state may not even benefit the Angels. It was, after all, the orgiastic brownshirted SA of Rohme who were purged first when the Weimar anarchy brought the Nazis to power. So Mr. Thompson (and others like him in Berkeley and elsewhere) is hung on his own paradox: If only the square and generally liberal-minded bourgeoisie persecutes the Angels, they are also the only kind of ascendant order which would tolerate them:

> "Early, with ocean fog still on the streets, outlaw motorcyclists wearing chains, shades, and greasy Levis roll out from damp garages, all-night diners, and cast-off one-night pads in Frisco, Hollywood, Berdoo, and East Oakland. . . . The Menace is loose again, the Hell's Angels, the hundred-carot headline, running fast and loud on the early morning freeway, low in the saddle, nobody smiles, jamming crazy through traffic and ninety miles an hour down the center stripe, missing by inches . . . like Genghis Khan on an iron horse, a monster steed with a fiery anus, flat out through the eye of the beer can and up your daughter's leg with no quarter asked and none given. . . ."

And lest this seem like a mere evoca-

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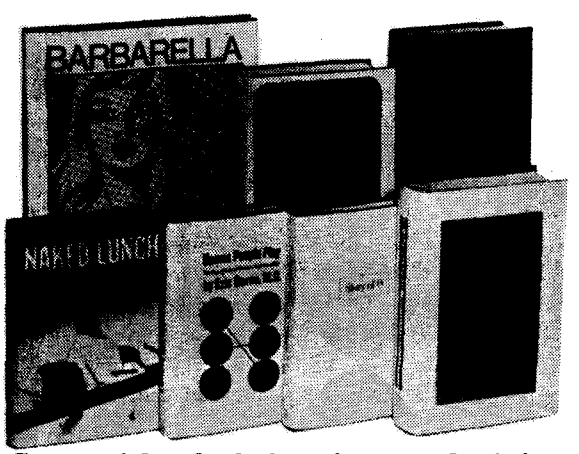

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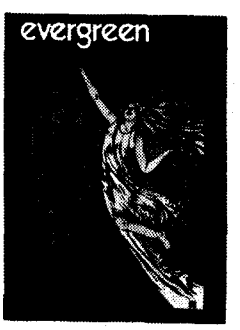

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tion of the envious square's eye view of these grizzled monads bumping up against one another and doing mostly themselves violence, Thompson appends a short prose poem again, at the book's end, evoking his own violent motorcycling aesthetic:

> "It has to be done right . . . and that's when the strange music starts, when you stretch your luck so far that fear becomes exhilaration and vibrates along your arms. You can barely see at a hundred. . . . You watch the white line and try to lean with it . . . letting off now, watching for cops, but only until the next dark stretch, and another few seconds on the edge . . . The Edge . . . There is no honest way to explain it because the only people who really know where it is are the ones who have gone over. . . ."

In the work itself, Thompson's self-proclaimed aesthetic and his methodology have some of the integrity of George Orwell among the poor of London and Paris, and it also has the cranky peevishness of Orwell's fine attack in *Wigan Pier* on pseudo-leftists, progressives, and food faddists, but it seems to have dispensed with the very middle-class biases toward "decency" which Orwell tried so hard to assert and uphold. Rather, it asserts a kind of Rimbaud delirium of spirit for nearly everybody to which, of course, only the rarest geniuses can come close and, then, never through choice. For more than one reason, therefore, I suspect, that Hunter S. Thompson is a writer whose future career is worth watching.

Upheaval in Kenya

by Martin Lowenkopf

As Africa began producing independent nations in the late fifties the growing fraternity of ex-colonialists were fond of assuring each other that "it will be another Mau Mau." Only recently have the Congo's tumultuous birth-pains displaced Kenya's upheaval in the European-authored lexicon of *barbarism.* And only recently has the Westerner's image of Mau Mau as a "barbarous, atavistic, and anti-European cult whose leaders planned to turn Kenya into a land of 'darkness and death' " been seriously questioned. Now, in this scholarly and readable history, Messrs. Rosberg and Nottingham (an American and a Briton) turn the entire story upside down – or right side up. They contend that the ever-tightening vice of white domination, not African, precipitated the violent reaction.

The Myth of Mau Mau: Nationalism in Kenya
by Carl G. Rosberg and John Nottingham
(Praeger; $7.50)

The roots of Mau Mau are found deep in Kenya's rich earth. The authors trace European penetration and colonization from the early punitive expeditions against recalcitrant tribesmen – "the Major . . . bagged a brace in the first kraal" (this was human "game") – through continuing dispossession by whites of African land. The African was left to eke out his existence on land which could not support half his numbers, or was forced by taxes to work his former land as the poorly paid employee of the white settler. With little prospect of relief, the African's "nationalism of petition and constitutional protest gave way to a militant nationalism employing direct action in seeking a new political order."

To modern day Kenyans in search of their own myths, and to the authors, Mau Mau was an "integral part of an ongoing, rationally conceived nationalist movement." If it was cruel to Black and White alike, its "oathing" seemingly atavistic, these were tactical devices to *politicize,* unify and mobilize the Kikuyu people, the tribe which led the nationalist struggle and which dominates Kenya's politics today. Even the violence which took place was not a continuation of pre-Emergency political tactics, but derived from the de-

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ployment of British and East African troops which introduced a new element of armed force into the situation. Indeed, the African movement had neither a master plan nor, except for several outstanding guerrilla leaders, centralized direction. And in so saying, the authors exonerate Jomo Kenyatta (now President of Kenya) from primary responsibility of Mau Mau.

In dealing largely with the causes and the myth of Mau Mau, the authors say little about the social and psychological consequences to the Kikuyu of over four years of virtual warfare, military occupation, and forced resettlement. Nor do they assign to Mau Mau a place in African history. This would not be a serious shortcoming had not Mau Mau become, in the minds of some contemporary African radicals, the quintessence of the "permanent revolution" advocated by their new prophet of violence, Fritz Fanon.

In his *The Wretched of the Earth* Fanon sees combat and violence as necessary to the transfiguration of colonial peoples. Only then will they be emotionally free and, hence, able to create unified, truly independent nations. The Fanon cultists claim Mau Mau was a purifying fire and commend it to those developing nations which escaped violence in their struggle for nationhood, and thus are not cleansed.

I wish Rosberg and Nottingham had gone into this. For present developments in Kenya appear to belie Fanon's claim. Indeed, the Kikuyu-led government of Kenya seems rather to be pursuing goals set by the former colonial power than by the apostles of purification by fire and blood. Here are the ironies in African history. In the period immediately before the Mau Mau rebellion, the British contrived a policy for Kenya based upon the doctrine that "economic growth would produce a new society in which racialist values would give way to those of class. As individual Africans achieved the economic status of the European, so they would begin to identify themselves as fellow-members of the new community of all 'civilized men', whether black, brown, or white." In spite of the purge of Mau Mau, this is exactly what the Kikuyu and other leaders in independent Kenya are doing. They have become directors of European companies, form partnerships with Indian middlemen, and generally join the formerly despised foreigner in a multiracial society, one clearly marked by an increasingly stratified class system.

Mau Mau suddenly palls in significance against this clear reality. Fanon is denied. Or is he? For until we know what enduring effects Mau Mau had upon the Kikuyu and other Kenyans, we cannot dismiss Fanon, nor revolution in Africa as the "wave of the future."

MOVIES

Heads That Roll

A Man for All Seasons (Columbia)
Night Games (Mondial Films)

A Man for All Seasons is tasteful and moderately enjoyable; Robert Bolt's dialogue is crisp, lucid, and well-spoken; the actors are generally efficient. Fred Zinnemann's direction is placed at the service of Bolt's material – in the manner of a good, modest stage director who does not attempt more than a faithful, respectful interpretation of the play. It's pleasant to see a movie made with integrity and sensibility: *A Man for All Seasons* wasn't that easy to do and it wasn't "safe" – though it appears to have turned out well for all concerned.

But that's really just about all I can say for it. As conceived by Bolt, Sir Thomas More isn't *A Man for All Seasons:* he isn't particularly relevant to this season, I doubt if he's relevant to any season. (And as interpreted by Paul Scofield, he's not my kind of guy, either.) Bolt's presentation of More's martyrdom is so totally one-sided that we don't even get to understand *that* side – as we might if it were challenged and engaged in conflict. Though the principle for which he is beheaded (his belief that the Pope represents divine law so that he is saving his soul in taking the Catholic position against Henry VIII's marriage to Anne Boleyn) seems doubtful at best, it is given as beyond question in this film that a man should follow the dictates of his conscience. (The Afrikaners willing to die for apartheid – and they find their justifications in divine law also – could probably make as good a case.) This More is simply *right* and he's smart and good and just about omniscient (he even knows his Judas); his great opponent, Henry VIII, is vain and childish, and everyone else is weak, stupid, cowardly, or corrupt. More is the only man of honor in the movie, and he's got all the good lines.

Bolt's More is the kind of hero we used to read about in the biographies of great men written for twelve-year-olds: the one against the many. Perhaps people think *A Man for All Sea-*

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This was our June cover. You should have seen October's.

By Jerome Agel

While reviewers are praising for the umpteenth time the diary of a Swiss private and the history of glass design, we're reporting what's happening, what's really happening, baby. Like "The Boys of Boise," Idaho's homosexual scandals; For Hotch the Belle Tolls; The real message of "MacBird"; "Don't jump on the RFK bandwagon"; Pamela Tiffin's College of One; New Journalists Replacing Old Novelists; LSD and the turned-on grandmother; "Ho Chi Minh's Daughter"; Capote pays up his Tynan bet. Our name is BOOKS, the lively monthly for the very lively reader. Every issue is an unpredictable experience. Says Newsweek: "BOOKS has a talent for first-rate scoops." Broadway-London playwright: "Every issue is like a great night in the theater." Captain of industry: "Gives me ideas." Princeton prof: "BOOKS is fantastically imaginative, entertaining. Put me down for two more gift subscriptions." Manhattan femme fatale: "Reading BOOKS is like living with someone you love. You're beautiful." Our widely quoted, exclusive Cocktail Party column makes news: Jeane Dixon, the seer, told us: "Governor Wallace would make a good President." Marshall McLuhan said: "Art is anything you can get away with." News, seminal ideas, layouts available nowhere else. Plus plus plus. Scoop scoop scoop. There is something new under the fun sun: Us—BOOKS. See for yourself.

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sons is so great because unlike the usual movie which is aimed at 12-year-olds, it's aimed at 12-year-old intellectuals and idealists. And if they've grown into compromising and unprincipled people, they can hail *A Man for all Seasons* as a masterpiece: heroism so remote, so totally the property of a supra-human figure, absolves them of human weakness. It becomes romantic.

There's more than a little of the school pageant in the rhythm of the movie: though it's all neater than our school drama coaches could make it, the figures group and say their assigned lines and move on. The camera, ever faithful to the author, does not open them up to us: they are set faces, fully – rigidly – formed from the start. For a too-brief sequence, Orson Welles' Wolsey overpowers the orderly progression of attitudes, but then we are left with Scofield – so refined, so controlled, so dignified, so obviously "subtle" – just the way a man of conscience in a school play would be expected to behave.

Now we see his head, now hers, and over and over they turn, rolling and writhing in bed. Have the movies invented a new position? Or has the phrase "a roll in the hay" been taken literally? Kids who learn about sex at the movies are in for a miserable time if they try the roll. And that seems to be the trouble with the hero of *Night Games*, one of a number of movies in which the rotating slows down enough for us to see anguished faces. Then we know that although the lovers have certainly been trying their calisthenic best, they have not succeeded. And as these are all too likely to be serious movies, we can't very well dismiss all that grim activity with the cheerful hope that maybe next time they'll try something a little more . . . classical.

Night Games is a Gothic tale about decadence and impotence, combining the worst of Fellini with the worst of Bergman, and featuring the kind of depraved upper-class partying at which the question, "Don't you wish you were dead?" is answered by "I'm dead already." As a truly terrible idea, the party sequence in which Ingrid Thulin gives birth (to a dead child, of course) to the accompaniment of a jazz ensemble and a recitation on the birth of Christ – beats even the most baroque castrations and assorted excesses in Tennessee Williams' plays. Less flamboyantly bad, and so, in a way, even worse, is the wedding night party: the poor hero who can't make it gets out of bed, lets the birds out of their fancy cage and puts the cage on himself. And he vomits great gushing torrents, *i.e.* his whole past life. (But it's the kind of movie effect that destoys its purpose because all we can think of is "how did he do it?") He gives yet another party at which he dynamites the ancestral castle which, because it is where his childhood took place, is presumably the block to his potency. He literally blasts through.

It seems like a huge joke – part Freudian, part Marxist – but it isn't played for comedy. Mai Zetterling directs in the grand manner, with elaborate shifts between past and present, and the kind of visual style that is usually described as "stark", and she is more than competent. The movie isn't dead, but it's ludicrous. (How should we react to lines like "You won't find the truth in a brandy bottle."?) I've never seen a movie with such a sophisticated technique joined to such bizarrely naïve content. But there are good moments. There is a startling, dramatically effective sequence of a child caught masturbating. There are the look-alikes of mother and wife – the wicked bitch mother (excitingly played by Thulin as a fierce despot), the wife (Lena Brundin) as a Reformation madonna with sad eyes and heavy breasts. And while the wanly virtuous young couple are having their ghastly wedding-night roll, the "degenerates" are having what looks like a pretty good time – running a porny home movie they've made. That porny movie is so much wittier and more entertaining than the rest of *Night Games* that one can only wish Miss Zetterling wouldn't strain for seriousness.

Who are the glum lectures about the disease of eroticism versus the virtues of simple healthy "natural" sex *for?* The audience is going for a look at the promised "night games," and the movie is turning them off. By the time they come out, they've *developed* blocks.

PAULINE KAEL

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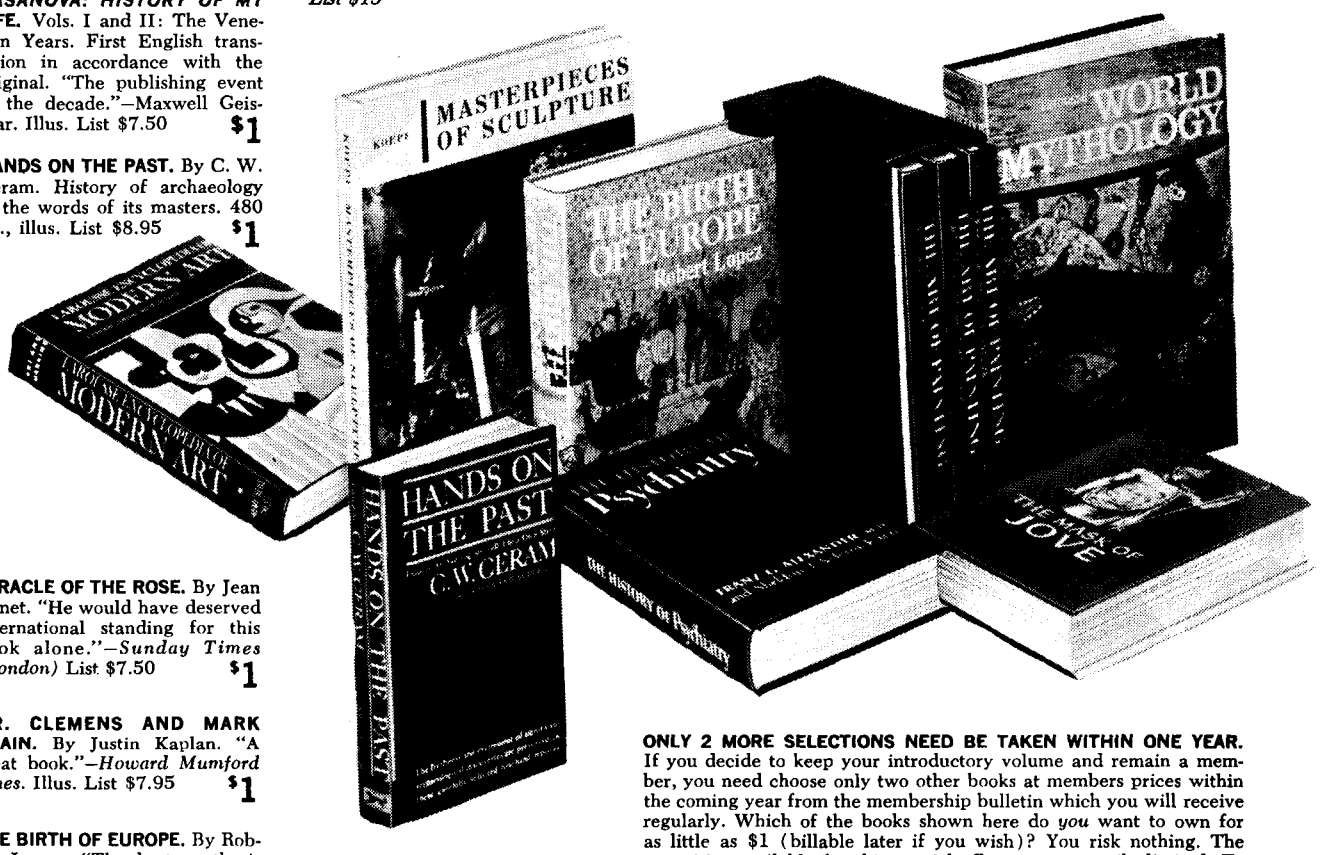

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MUSIC

Beethoven of the Quartets

In the spring of 1964, Paul Hume, music critic of *The Washington Post*, riled some readers by proposing a moratorium on Beethoven. He pointed out that 1970 will be a Beethoven year, honoring the bicentennial of the composer's birth, and that in anticipation of the oversaturation of Beethoven's music that we can expect then, fasting and abstinence are in order now.

Since Mr. Hume is one of the most powerful critics in the English-speaking world, his failure to discourage players from performing Beethoven even in his own territory raises interesting problems about the Ins and Outs of music. Anybody interested in fashions can tell, from the music calendar of his nearest big-city paper, what is being performed. Who makes the taste, who sets the pace? Of the millions of people who listen to music for pleasure, only a handful are sufficiently engrossed in the technical and aesthetic aspects of the art to wish to influence trend. The lay listener seems remarkably docile about admiring what he is supposed to admire. Thirty years ago, the "in" composer *par excellence* was Johann Sebastian Bach. After the mantle fell to Mozart, any clown felt free – and does now – to vilify the most imaginative works of Bach as pedestrian and uninspired. Will Mozart be next?

The recent decades which Bach and Mozart dominated were the years when Hindemith and Stravinsky were the most influential figures in current writing. Technical spit and polish were the qualities one looked for in new music and found in high baroque and high classical work. Now, with the public lagging some twenty years behind the profession, Schoenberg has finally joined Bartok in the pantheon of revered composers, and Beethoven is "in" again – this time as a serious progressive, and the great granddaddy of those composers who are serious and progressive to the point of pain.

Joseph Kerman's *The Beethoven Quartets** has an assured dismal future, languishing among the *ibids* and *op. cits* of all books about Beethoven to the end of time. The short bibliography at the end of the text reveals that aside from Thayer's *Life*, Tovey's analyses and compendiums of the letters, there is almost no book-length literature about Beethoven – at least in English – that makes any sense. Kerman has made up for it. He has done what Albert Schweitzer is said (erroneously) to have done for Bach: placed a composer in his time and explained his work-habits.

Using the quartets as nodes around which to discuss Beethoven's work, Kerman tells a story which begins in 1798, when Beethoven, a young composer in Vienna, was trying to find a place in the sun not already occupied by Mozart (recently dead), or Haydn (at the height of his powers):

> "There can be little doubt that at this period in his life Beethoven had embarked on a more or less planned assault on the entire territory of music. . . . Almost from the start new areas opened up under the pressure of Beethoven's campaign. Assault was discovery; the Ninth Symphony, the *Missa solemnis* and the Great Fugue completed an unmapped and unimagined conquest."

Before the first six quartets (Opus 18), Beethoven had written some trivial early pieces and little else besides the early piano sonatas:

> ". . . Beethoven worked most comfortably and flexibly in this medium, and as it were most consciously. Compositional problems were attacked and provisionally solved in the sonatas, right under the fingers, years before they were broached in the symphonies and chamber music."

From the start, there were technical and stylistic problems which were to plague him to the end:

> "Beethoven lacked the tact of Mozart and Haydn in pathetic expression. . . . He had learned or taught himself amazing things by 1799. What he had not yet gained was the full resource of feeling needed to justify the full, raw employment of the traditional rhetoric of the minor mode. The problem was to remain with him up to the 1820's."

There was also a certain heavy-handedness which, to the disaffected listener, makes the early quartets sound like warmed-over Haydn:

> "Weighty, impressive structure was integral to Beethoven's conception of chamber music. We shall not much understand the early quartets if we regard this solemnity, in the light of the piano sonatas, merely as awkwardness of technique . . . Wit is a dangerous game – Haydn's game, not Beethoven's. His sense

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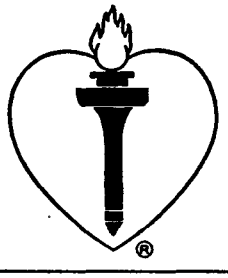

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of humor is not far to be trusted at this time [1799] of his life."

Kerman finds echoes of the early quartets in all of the later ones and makes what, on paper, is a convincing case for a more or less direct line of inevitable progress in the composer's development, as opposed to a series of interesting and interrelated accidents which resulted in change of style, form and content in the 28 years during which the quartets were being written. It is as if the superscription to the last movement of the last Quartet, "Muss es sein? Es muss sein!" were a profound commentary not only on the evolution of the quartets, but on the whole life work that went with them. Kerman supplies a cautionary note:

"A book on the Beethoven quartets is three books, through which certain kinds of continuity are bound to be tenuous at best. . . . With ominous ease the quartets separate themselves into slots provided by the old categorization of Beethoven's work into 'three periods'. . . . No other genre – not the sonata or the symphony – illustrates Beethoven's entire creative range so fully. But the process remains illustration, lucky but more or less random illustration; real historical draughtsmanship is impossible within the framework."

It is through exhaustive and detailed illustration that Kerman says what must be the last word for a long, long time on this music.

A matter which Kerman properly ignores in what is supposed to be a definitive study of the music itself is the problem of its interpretation and performance. For several years, the quartets have been a battleground. The Budapest Quartet has always represented a European tradition which goes back, very likely, to the original performances. For purely historical reasons, it is fortunate that the Budapest recording of the entire cycle is available, though for me, at least, the reverence and sluggishness in the Budapest interpretation has always been annoying.

The American Way, which is new and unorthodox, makes up in excitement what it lacks in authenticity. From its formation, the Juilliard Quartet has attacked all the quartets from Op. 59 on as if they were by Bartok, using every tempo indication, every bowing, every expression mark, as a license for assault. The result is not very polite, and may be unfaithful to the composer's written intentions, but it is extremely exciting. All of the other very good quartets in this country – the Fine Arts, the Claremont, the Walden, the University of Iowa, for instance – approach this music in a similar manner. I have been surprised to find that the Juilliard Quartet does not have a complete recording of the Beethoven quartets available. It's a pity.

ROBERT EVETT

Recommended recordings

THE BUDAPEST QUARTET
The Beethoven Quartets Complete
(Columbia)

THE JUILLIARD QUARTET
The "Rasumovsky" Quartets: The Quartets Opp. 74, 95, 131, 132, 135
(Victor)

THE NEW MUSIC QUARTET
Quartet, Op. 59 No. 3 (Bartok)
(This great performance of the C-major Rasumovsky was made about 15 years ago. It is still available.)

Correspondence

Blow-Up

Sirs:

When a film critic consumes close to 4,000 words in putting down one of the world's great directors, something bordering on an obsession must be involved. I am referring to Pauline Kael's longwinded review of Antonioni's *Blow-Up* (February 11).

Her critique has all the earmarks of a carefully planned hatchet job, with its petty picking at minute details and scenes, its belaboring of irrelevancies outside the film, and its shrewdly placed allusions to film classics which have nothing in common with *Blow-Up*. In addition to all the lint-picking, Miss Kael apparently, before writing the review, read everything that had been said in print about the film, then strung together what appeared to be overly arty interpretations from Bosley Crowther to *Time*. Of course this is a familiar method of the "put-down" – if you're an inverted snob, simply lift out of context all the comments of the film critics which run counter to your anti-art premises (pooh-poohing of symbolism, levels of meaning, etc.), then comment on the comments. In this way you can easily demonstrate that every critic except Pauline Kael is precious, overintellectual, and just too too artsy.

What irritates me most about Miss Kael's review is its preoccupation with what's In and what's Out, what's culturally and artistically fashionable and unfashionable, and what's Hip and what's Square. I just wonder if all these fringe trappings are really important and pertinent. James Agee thought not. In fact, may I suggest that Miss Kael re-read *Agee On Film* before reviewing the next movie by Fellini, who I assume is the next genius to be put on the block.

Burling Lowrey
Washington, D.C.

Ronald Reagan's comment on California redwoods might apply, with a little paraphrasing, to Pauline Kael: read one review and you've read them all. I was ready when she got around to Antonioni's *Blow-Up*. First, she reached into her rich store of personal (apocryphal?) experiences to find stupid statements by her (stupid?) acquaintances illustrating all the worse reasons why people go to movies, silly interpretations and, by contrast,

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Miss Kael's sturdy common sense, intellectual astuteness, and aesthetic sensitivity. Then she told us that *Blow-Up* did not sufficiently "entertain"; perish the thought, apparently, if a film provokes reflection and discussion. As usual we benefited from her numerous "titbits," as she put it, about life, love, art, modern man, *etc., etc.*, which are supposed to have something to do with the little she says about the movie. By this time we are again aware of her characteristic tone: so, so *chic* but never, never "in" or "out." Superior and patronizing? Yes. Communicative? Hardly. I am beginning to think that she, like Mary McCarthy, has begun to write satire without realizing it.

She tells us that *Blow-Up* has bad photography and poor color. *That*, I admit, is new. We learn that it is confused, disjointed, and cliché ridden. The "reviewers," "New York critics," "hippies," "kids," and "middlebrow moralists" (who seem to be the only ones frequenting theatres these days) cannot see, as of course she can, that Antonioni is a shallow thinker, a sentimentalist, a moralist, and all those other things we were not aware Antonioni was. She almost, but not quite, succeeds in pulling the wool over our eyes by using the device of ridiculing the critics who have praised *Blow-Up* as a way of criticizing Antonioni.

Miss Kael prefers two kinds of movies: those by Godard and non-think Hollywoods that "entertain." Gone are the good old days for us movie fans; gone too are the good old days for Miss Kael. Nobody makes a decent film anymore. Oh yes, there was *The Bible.*

Robert C. Twombly
University of Wisconsin

It is perhaps fit, when a film appears to be rather more concerned with photographs of an event than with the event itself, that the review of this film should be rather more concerned with other reviews of it, than with the film itself. Should this have been Miss Kael's oblique intent, her discussion of *Blow-Up* would have been fine irony. But I do not credit her with so subtle an achievement. Rather, I feel that she failed utterly to distinguish between what people have said about the film, and what the film itself says, and so has misread the shallowness of the comment as the shallowness of the film. And incorrectly assuming that the cocktail-party commentary correctly describes a film, she has undertaken a severe rebuttal of the film which ought instead to have been reserved for the fashionable, misperceptive, cozy chatter about alienation and contemporary despair. So, in place of the perceptive analysis of a deep film, which we have a right to expect in your journal, we find a waspish, irrelevant, acutely self-congratulatory and unspeakably vulgar snapping away at views which are less those of Antonioni than of his self-styled admirers. The catchwords of the day, when they blind us to the works they are intended to clarify, exercise a destructive power disproportionate to their intrinsic frivolity. It would be a disaster if so great a work as Antonioni's should become so identified with what people of the moment say about it, that it should fail to survive the shifts in pseudo-intellectual fashion which are the destiny of catchwords. Miss Kael tightens this identification, and so contributes to the suffocation of a masterpiece. . . . If Miss Kael's review is an index of the intellectual level at which she operates, however, she had better suspend assignments until the next Ritz Brothers confection. Who possibly could care whether she (really) likes Harry Ritz?

Arthur C. Danto
Columbia University

I fail to understand how Miss Kael can write for three whole pages before even mentioning the theme of illusion and reality, which, as far as I'm concerned, is primarily what *Blow-Up* is about – though not in the way Miss Kael sees it. Why even discuss the point of which is more "real" – murder or driving in a Rolls Royce convertible? A thief, yes? We see a dirty man in torn-up clothes carrying a lunch pail, exchanging words with equally impoverished-looking men, and finally running suspiciously towards a very expensive-looking car. Obviously he's a thief! But is he? As it turns out, he's not a thief at all! he's a wealthy photographer. You say we were caught up in an illusion?

Later we see the same man at his studio wildly snapping pictures of a seductive model, but doing so in a position of copulating. Of course we laugh. How can we help it when faced with the strange juxtaposition of the (supposedly) most objective of activities (photography) and the most subjective of human endeavors (making love). . . . I don't think Antonioni is asking us to intellectualize about the "abstract concept" illusion and reality. Rather, he involves us in an experience which forces us to contemplate the *un*certainty of what we feel most certain of.

It is disappointing (if not incredible) that Miss Kael cannot perceive what the last scene is saying. As the photographer watches the clown's tennis game, certainly he *knows* there is no

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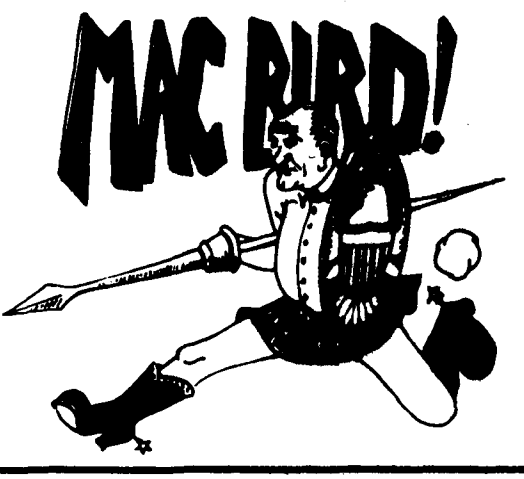

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tennis ball . . . but then . . . maybe there is. What could be more fitting at the end than that we should hear, amidst the rustling leaves, the sound of a tennis ball . . . not really so different from the sound of a clicking camera.

Nannette Cochran
Berkeley, Calif.

If the readers can accept the surreal dream-logic of Pauline Kael's comments on *Blow-Up* then her blast of "Anti-Onionism" makes amusing reading. This logic is based on a series of unrelated and often conflicting a priori assumptions:

1: Movies are made for children and cannot be taken seriously as art. ("Who the hell goes to movies for 'mature,' 'adult,' 'sober' art, anyway?)"

2: Movies have no themes nor serious content. ("In what sense is a movie 'about' an abstract concept?")

3: *Blow-Up* is about nothing. (This is an inferred assumption derived from the unassailable fact that she cannot figure out what the picture *is* about.)

Based on this syllogism one would conclude that logically Miss Kael would have admired *Blow-Up*. However, the only utility she seems to find for the film is to employ it as a club against all the critics who disagree with her. She scarcely stoops to criticize the film at all. In an age of non-books and anti-novels she stands high on the list of non-critics.

Far too often, Miss Kael tends to damn a picture for some preconceived notion she holds somewhere (generally unstated) of what it should have done. She makes little effort to discover what the film attempts to do. The idea of viewing a film twice is evidently inimical to her (particularly since you only get credit for dropping the same name once) as her comments on *Blow-Up* indicate. Since one of the qualities of art is that it gives sustained pleasure, her view of films is perfectly consistent.

The history of all the arts is filled with strident, shrill, smug hissings. Every new experiment has been greeted with similar "Crokeries." And if we remember that John Wilson Croker is now primarily remembered for his attacks on Keats, we can only hope that Miss Kael, in a similar manner, has also earned her place in posterity.

Regina K. Fadiman
Los Angeles, Calif.

Rarely have I been so impressed with magazine writing as I have been with Pauline Kael's articles on *Sand Pebbles* and *Blow-Up*. Her ability lies not only in expostulating an intelligent review of the movies themselves, but relating them to our culture in general and to the movie culture in particular. . . .

I don't even agree with her, at least not always. It is her perspective, her refusal to be conned, that I most enjoy.

Sidney Tatz
Flushing, New York

Case Against the Electoral College

Sirs:

It is a complicated battle. Mr. Neal R. Peirce rises to the defense of the American Bar Association ("The Case Against the Electoral College," February 11), which has attacked the electoral college, which I have defended. Mine was a mildly conservative plea for a feature of our Constitution that has caused or threatens little harm, that has had, rather, if in somewhat mysterious fashion, an interesting and beneficial influence on our political life, and that the Bar Association and Mr. Peirce would now discard because they hope they no longer need it and would like to be ideologically pure.

My view of the problem is, as Mr. Peirce says, that of "a cynical politician." (You'd think *I* was a Washington editor and *he* lived in New Haven, Conn. !) Yet I was not thinking of partisan political advantage. I said merely that in modern times in much of our politics, urban interests in the big states have contended against interests that had more of a rural, and, yes, white and nativist and Protestant orientation. The latter have tended to dominate Congress, the former – largely because of electoral strategies thought to be imposed by the electoral-college system – the Presidency. We have thus struck a nice balance of

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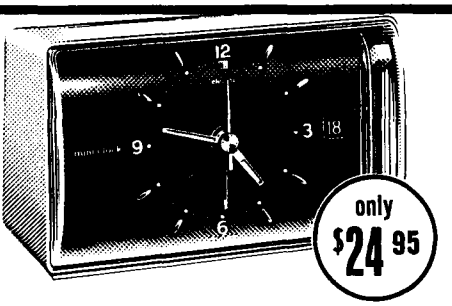

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powers in our government, and made it a marvelous instrument for achieving general aquiescence and even consent, rather than merely for working the will of some supposed majority of the moment. Nothing that the Bar Association or Mr. Peirce has said convinces me that the traditional orientation of Congress has been changed radically or permanently, or that the great divide in American politics which I mentioned no longer exists. I am not yet prepared, therefore, to trade in the electoral college for a system whose workings I cannot predict.

I know this leaves Mr. Peirce on the side of the angels, and puts me in unpretty opposition to the simple tenets of political democracy which guarantee everlastingly "that the popular will would not be frustrated." (And what about the Senate, which Mr. Peirce does not mention?) But I am not that certain that an election predicts a popular will on every issue that will arise before the next one, and I much prefer a system that tends to ensure a real share of power to all the major interest groupings in our society, as against one that shuts its eyes to everything but the romance of pure majoritarianism.

I don't think it made very much difference that Cleveland lost even though he won by 100,000 votes, and I think it would have made even less difference if Mr. Nixon had won by the same margin and had still lost. I would not like to see a substantial loser win, because I think there would then be real doubt about the legitimacy of the result and the effective discharge of the office, nor would I like to see repeated the singular experience of John Quincy Adams, who was elected by the House. But these risks are very slight, as history demonstrates.

American constitutionalism is a gently conservative faith. A little conservative constitutionalism, please.

Alexander M. Bickel
Yale Law School

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The Last Madness of Jack Ruby

Sirs:

The well documented article by Ronnie Dugger (February 11) on Jack Ruby's mental illness, brings us full circle to the beginning of this remarkable happening. It is one of the peculiarities of mental illness – which must be calibrated – that the full flowering of some types of insanity requires time to develop. At the time of examinations by Dr. Manfred Guttmacher, Dr. Roy Schafer and myself in Dec. 1963 and Jan. 1964, we found an undeniable psychosis which we attributed to an organic mental disease of some type (psychomotor epilepsy or episodic dyscontrol). The florid paranoid trend had not yet developed, although Mr. Alexander of the District Attorney's staff unwittingly adumbrated it by his questions of me.

The characterization of Mr. Alexander as to Ruby being a "Jewboy" was addressed to me while under cross-examination at the hearing on the bail bond issue. It may have been proper cross-examination but the implications were not lost on Belli and Tonahill and certainly not on me. The issue was whether the alleged "emotionality" of the Jew could not be mistaken for psychosis. In fact, the testimony will show that Alexander and I had a little set-to concerning the proper amount of gesturing which would qualify as a Jewish mannerism. There was the added implication that two psychiatrists from the east, of the same racial extraction as was Ruby, might have a blind spot for such diagnostic considerations. The state, of course, contended that Ruby was faking or using the insanity defense to "gather material for a book."

In spite of the unfortunate denouement of the case, the psychiatric postmortem conducted by Dugger is of tremendous interest in validating our insistence that Ruby was insane at the time of the criminal act.

It might be worth mentioning that a large number of free-hand drawings were (or are) extant and that analysis of these might shed light on the evolution of his mental state during his incarceration. This would complete the study of that not infrequent group of "king-killers." In any event, the diagnosis of persons whose acts are under the public glare and about whom rage strong opinions of many with a second-hand knowledge of the facts, always hazardous, never suffers from all illumination of those facts.

Walter Bromberg, M.D.
Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

As one of the attorneys for Jack Ruby, I was much impressed by the article entitled "The Last Madness of Jack Ruby." There is much more to be said on the subject. It should be mentioned, for example, that a psychiatrist brought into the case by me, Dr. Werner Tuteur, the medical director of Elgin State Hospital, agreed with Dr. West and others about the mental condition of Jack Ruby. One of the puzzling aspects of the case is that at least two of the doctors, who testified in behalf of the State that Ruby was sane, reached the opposite conclusion almost immediately after the verdict. This was probably due to the very narrow scope given by the "right or wrong" rule, long since outmoded, but still preserved in Texas and almost every other jurisdiction. It should be said, too, that Jack Ruby, like so many others whose sanity is questioned, lived simultaneously on several levels. Much of the time, and on most subjects, he appeared to be rational; at other times

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he was completely irrational. . . . When his brother Earl and I tape-recorded his deathbed statement, we were struck at times by his clarity; at other times he intruded information which was not in response to any question. . . .

Elmer Gertz
Chicago, Ill.

The Marines in Vietnam

Sirs:

Bernard Fall's "Tell 'Em" article (January 14) does little justice to the accomplishments of Marine Captain J. J. Carroll or the Marine Corps' established policy of using equipment at hand and saving many tax dollars. In the first case, Camp J. J. Carroll is named in Captain Carroll's memory not because he was accidentally killed by a friendly tank, but because he demonstrated the "finest traditions of the Naval Service" in taking Hill 400 ("The Rockpile") from the enemy. In the second case, the Marine Corps uses H-34 helicopters because they are available for resupply missions while Hueys are not. The Marine Corps' "idiotic pride" began in the development of helicopter and vertical envelopment techniques in 1949. We are proud that the 1st Cav (airmobile) has been able to borrow and use these techniques so recently in Vietnam.

R. I. Kramer, Major
H. M. Owens, Captain
R. L. Johnson, Captain
J. A. Kelly, Captain
J. K. Rider, Captain
The Basic School
Marine Corps Schools

In reply:

Camps in Vietnam are named after *dead Americans* – not just heroes. We have, for example, the Brink BOQ (Bachelor Officers Quarters) in Saigon, named after a US general of the Vietnam Advisory Group who committed suicide. Conversely, there is no Camp Donlon, for a live Medal of Honor winner. My explanation for the name of Camp Carroll was therefore simply a matter-of-fact explanation and not meant as a disservice to a fine officer.

As for the use of obsolete H-34 helicopters, I personally had to help pull in a Marine about to fall to certain death when our helicopter was pushed off its one-wheel perch by a wind gust, and have some choice (but unprintable) comments from many Marines who would like to see the Corps get the better helicopters of the sister services rather than see "many tax dollars" saved at the expense of their safety. The fact that the Marines invented vertical envelopment tactics is just one more reason why they shouldn't use obsolete helicopters now. But to do so and be proud of it because it saves money is exactly the kind of "idiotic pride" of which I spoke in my article.

Bernard B. Fall
South Vietnam

Johnson Baiting

Sirs:

Johnson baiting has become a cheap and tedious sport. Today's attacks by liberals on the President are reminiscent of the torrents of abuse aimed by disaffected Democrats at Andrew Jackson when he was in the White House. Most of these attacks reflect dislike of the LBJ personality or nostalgia for JFK more than they do political insight on the part of the writers.

Before liberals separate themselves any further from Mr. Johnson, they ought to refresh their perspective on him. If the reasons publicly announced are to be regarded as his entire rationale for the Vietnam position which is costing him so much of his popularity, we would have to assume that he is stupid or politically short-sighted, and his entire career shows that he is not. Why, then, is he following his present course?

Does he prefer the credibility gap to premature revelations that might create worse dangers? Does he calculate that a stand-off in Vietnam must precede effective *détente* with Russia? Does he foresee that Communist gains in Vietnam would bring out the latent aggressiveness of the American people in a more threatening form? Is it that he understands better than most of his critics the potential power of the militant right-wing mind in the Congress and the public, and wishes to deny it any pretext for actions that might lead to World War III? Does

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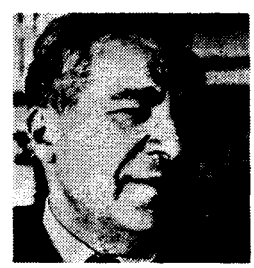

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he estimate the losses to his domestic programs resulting from the costs of the Vietnam war as far less than if Communist ascendancy there produced a tidal wave of political reaction at home? These are only a few of the questions that need to be considered.

Here is a President whose domestic policy is the most progressive since the New Deal – who is plainly eager to avoid nuclear war, who has rejected German pressure to obtain nuclear arms, who has opposed demands for an all-out assault on North Vietnam. Is this the war-mongering, blundering ogre portrayed in so many current books and magazines? Surely responsible liberal journalism ought to take a larger and more realistic view of the President and his problems.

Albert Z. Carr
Truro, Mass.

Who's Fit to be Free

Sirs:

James Ridgeway's article, "Who's Fit to Be Free" (February 4), interested me as an attorney. It cut me to the quick as an alumnus of one of the better mental hospitals.

The Rouse case is so typical that its horror brings back to mind a fantastic past. Regardless of theories written in learned journals, mental hospitals are run on the "carrot or the kick" theory. Patients are rewarded as they behave "rationally" according to the staff. Rarely do the physicians see enough of a patient, or even adequately read the reports before them. When they do, their stereotyped attitudes are summed up in the inane phrases quoted.

The way to get out of such a hospital, as released and cured, is implicit in what Dr. Economon said: play the game. When the first door clangs shut, the keys held by a sub-literate, you learn that someone else holds your destiny in his inept hands. At this point you must adapt and begin to do what this person wants. You must hope that this person is relatively human and relatively normal himself. Such frequently is not the case. Proper conduct amounts to adjusting to this situation.

It is extremely rare that any such hospital gets into the problems of the patient, any deeper than Dr. Economon did. He must know the value of his group therapy sessions. As administered in most hospitals they have as much value as the average Alcoholics Anonymous meeting, a group confession which can produce insight, or can produce fantastic mutual distrust.

One thing that nearly every person in such a place thinks of is romance and a happy vacation. That Rouse has not gone into homosexuality after four-and-a-half years is an indication of his stability. If Dr. Economon himself were offered three months of vacation at Lake Placid, paid by another, I think he would take it. At least most of his staff would. For Rouse to want love and leisure, as do most inmates (and, I think, most other people) would indicate normalcy to me, not "unreality."

Your conclusion, that Rouse has by not playing the game threatened the status quo enjoyed by Dr. Economon and St. Elizabeths Hospital, is too close to reality. The physicians and staffs of these hospitals all too frequently violate the law and categorize patients in the interest of expediency. Their professional trade jargon frequently only conceals ignorance. When called on to defend these analyses, they often come out fighting, but confused and uncertain. . . .

It is a very small group that is great enough to realize that what they want is not vital to the world, that an objective good may be more important than they themselves. Unfortunately, too few of these people are attending physicians at our mental hospitals. . . . The only substantial effect one receives from a mental hospital is the knowledge that one does not belong in one. Thereafter, one makes certain to conform his behavior pattern so as to avoid such a possibility. It is to Rouse's credit that he has blown a whistle on those preposterous people who inhabit the seats of power in such an institution. He sounds much more reasonable than most people I met in such places. He certainly has more integrity.

Although I have no shame at the foregoing, I would appreciate non-publishing of the name, if you decide to publish the letter. It was written as an appreciation for your article, especially for the many who cannot write.

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Kauffmann, *from page 24*

or that could not have been anticipated. The chief interest is in watching him handle questions and give seemingly frank but non-specific answers.

The slow, dimpled smile of the slow, heavy man keeps reminding me of someone. Then I recognize him. With a finer nose and mouth, it is Emil Jannings.

While we talk, two elderly maids move around the table, asking in whispers whether we prefer tea or coffee. I regret the food; for the first few minutes the two Germans who flank me chew crusty cookies and sip, and I have difficulty in hearing the Chancellor.

Toward the end of the 45-minute conversation, Herr Kiesinger reverses field and asks us a question – about the term "political style" as used these days in America. As we attempt to explain, he listens like an experienced executive – that is, a man who knows *how* to listen after he asks a question.

Munich

Another meeting with students, who are more lively than those in Hamburg, more like those in Berlin. Their comments on university conditions are predictably bitter, their interest in the US predictably high. They (and their faculty chairman) are not quite so easeful about the NPD as the group at Dr. Reuter's. To the argument that only 20 percent of the NPD membership is young, they answer that only 20 percent of every party is young.

Some of them resent Kiesinger's appointment (one sent a telegram of protest). One student – the only person I met in Germany who said this – was passionately angry about Ger-

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many's eagerness to forget its Nazi past. All are aware of the difficulties of building a democratic society in a country without an immediate democratic past and tradition. The phrase recurs: "a missing generation."

I hear the same thing in effect from the head of Studio Bavaria, a huge complex just outside Munich that makes many TV and some theatrical films. When I ask him why German films have been so poor since the war, he says that 50 to 80 percent of the best film people before Hitler were Jews, in all departments; that though those men would by now be retired or dead, they would have bred disciples and continuity. He also says that the postwar reorganization of the film business, supervised by the Americans, was conducted – necessarily, he admits – on political grounds; and all of the remaining experienced people who could not be "denazified" were rooted out. Now, he believes, a new generation is beginning to appear.

Dachau is a half-hour from Munich. I cannot quite steel myself to accompany those of our group who are visiting it. I decide to wait for their report. They tell me that Dachau is now quite bland – full of well-tended memorial lawns and banks of flowers, with a few token sheds and ovens virtually covered with ivy. So, paradoxically, I decide *not* to visit it because it is *not* horrible.

Bavarian schools have Catholic and Protestant swimming pools, Catholic and Protestant basketball teams. An ex-refugee, a German Jew now returned to teach at the University of Munich, tells me that the NPD vote in Bavaria was eight percent in Catholic centers and 15 percent in Protestant centers. His theory is that Catholics are stauncher against hypernationalism because they are themselves more highly institutionalized and provide more emotional outlets than the Protestants. Bitter as he is about the NPD vote and about the hints of Nazi comment and surliness that he senses in daily Munich life, he criticizes the US for being quick to condemn events in Germany with historical understanding or psychological empathy.

This is the week of *Fasching* in Munich, of pre-Lenten masquerade balls. Wearing a funny hat, I try to get into the student *Fasching* at the Regina Palast Hotel but arrive too late – after midnight. I cannot even squeeze through the mob (many pretty girls) to check my coat. So I go back to my own hotel. There, leafing through a book in my bag, I learn that the Regina Palast is where Chamberlain stayed in 1938 when he came to sign the pact. The trip is over. Two weeks before, when we landed at Hamburg, the first thing I felt was a twinge of fear, unreasonable but understandable. For two weeks I have been almost continually fascinated and sometimes charmed. German virtues and achievements – and their own holocaustal sufferings – are much more vivid; but the fear is not dispelled. Now, as the plane lifts off, I feel a flicker of relief.

Crossing the Atlantic, I read a new Penguin anthology – *German Writing Today*. In it is a poem called "The Peacock" by a 32-year-old writer named Christoph Meckel. It begins:

"I saw no phoenix mount from Germany's ashes.
Rummaging in the ash with my foot
I turned up charred fins, horns and sloughs –
yet I saw a peacock, swirling up the ash
with one wing of wood and the other of iron,
growing enormous, and he whipped
at the flakes where the burning had been
and he fanned out his plumage."

If the young poets see the peacock, perhaps there is hope for a phoenix.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Freda Downie *is currently preparing a volume of her poetry.* Grattan Freyer *is a regular contributor to* The Irish Times *and* Manchester Guardian. Richard Elman's *new novel* The Twenty Eighth Day of Elul *will be published by Scribners in March.* Martin Lowenkopf *is a senior research fellow at the University College in Dar Es Salaam.*

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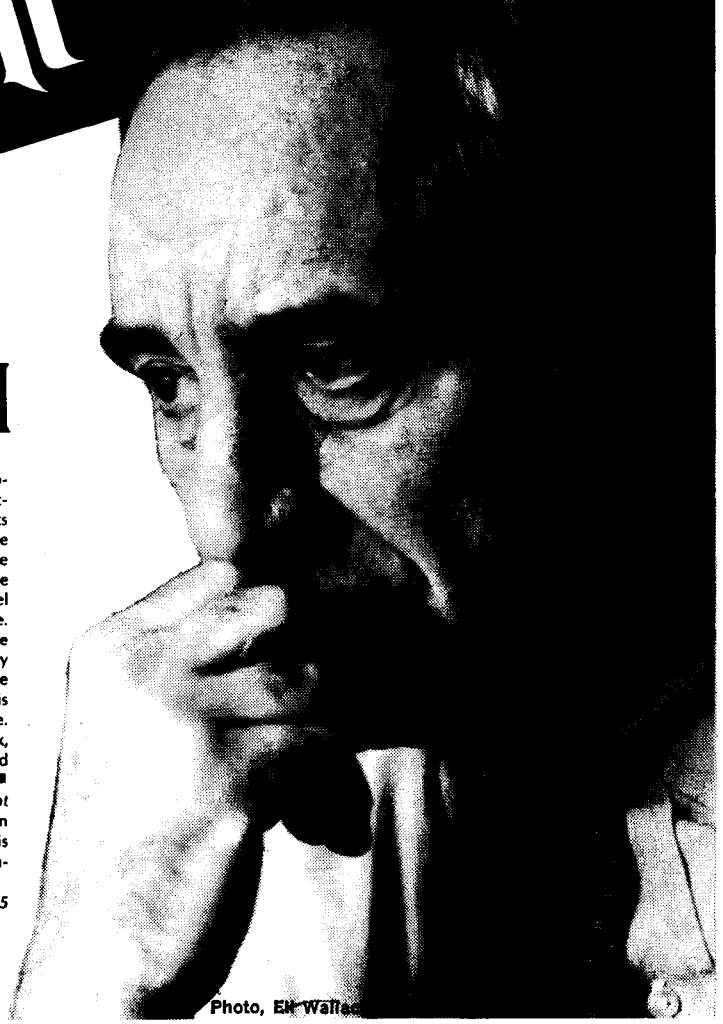

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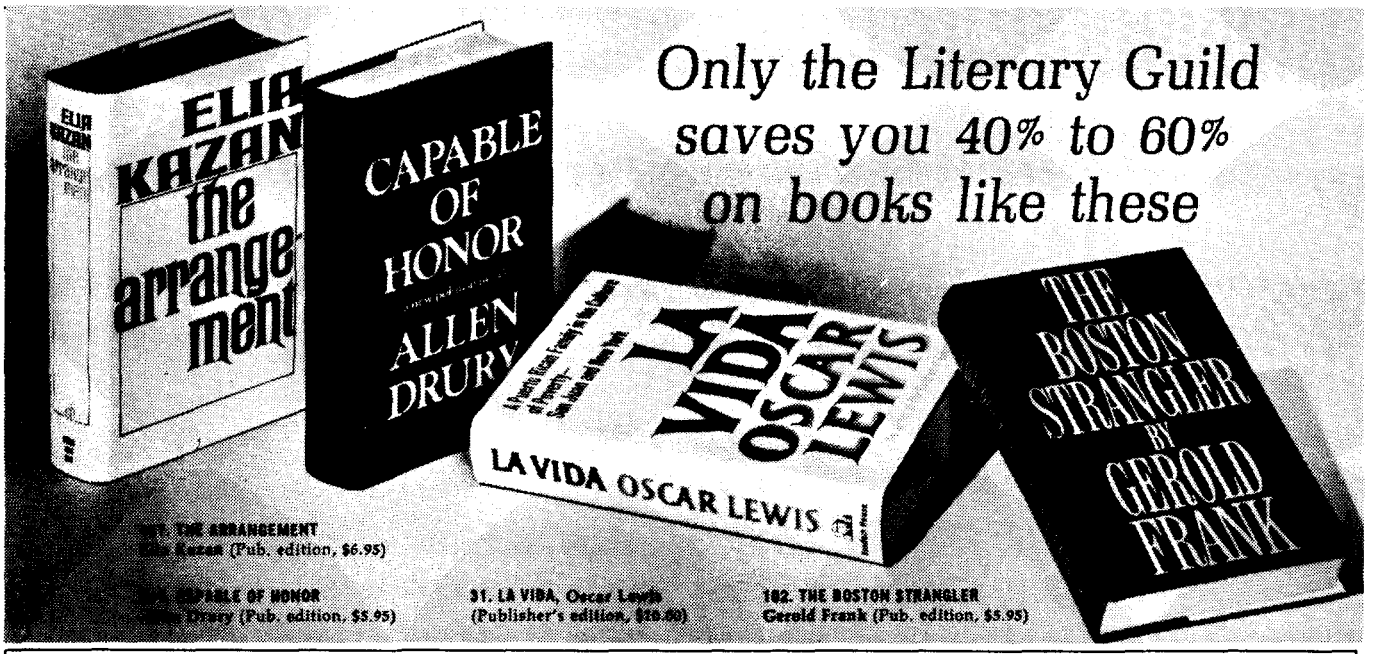

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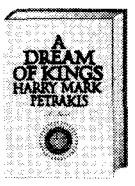

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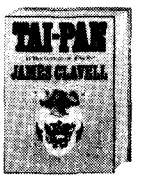

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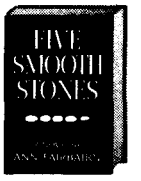

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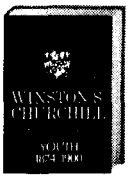

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